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MORNI ;
AND
THE PILGRIM OF CARMEL,
&c.

MORNI ;
AN IRISH BARDIC STORY,
IN THREE CANTOS:
AND
THE PILGRIM OF CARMEL ;
AN EASTERN TALE,
IN ONE CANTO.

BY
RICHARD BENSON, ESQ.

NEWRY:
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1815,



Director
Receiving
4-26-48
62493

DEDICATION.

7-1-48 24.
**To thee O MOINA! dearest sister, friend,
Beguiler sweet of many a toilsome day
Of mental pain, who oft time didst extend
Bright Fancy's wing, perchance to chase away
The lowering shades of loathed misery;
Or madest my bosom's grief so much thine own,
For self I ceased to weep and mourned for thee;
And as thou echoedst back the heart's deep groan,
Deceived, almost could deem I wept for thee alone!**

Thou, when misfortune timeless writhed my brow,
Blanched the pale cheek, and wrung my tortured
breast,
With fondest care, hast smoothed the couch of wo—
With angel voice, recalled my banished rest.
May thy pure soul, of virtuous peace possessed,
Firm in itself, such trials never prove—
By sickness lowered, or by grief oppressed !
Still mayst thou, MOINA, rise each care above,
Blest in our parents', friends', and in thy brother's
love !

Long hast thou shared each secret of my mind,
And young idea, as it rose unsought :
To reason given a scope more unconfined,
With brighter fancy decked each infant thought ;
And as with thee the varied page I sought
Of magic poesy, or learned lore,
Almost the mandate stern I have forgot,
That barred my passage where I fain would soar,
'Till knowledge seemed beyond my ardent grasp no
more.

DEDICATION.

vii

MOINA, the tales of other days I send—

Fondly my verse I dedicate to thee—

Lend them thine artless accents, O my friend!

So shall they wear, at least one charm for me.

O that resembling thee, my minstrel lay,

(As reason, feeling, sympathy demand,)

Could flow in measures, tender, pensive, gay,

And worthy of thine ear, with visions bland,

Adorn the bardic strain that sings thy native land!

RICHARD BENSON.

January 1, 1815.

INTRODUCTION

TO

CANTO FIRST.



OBEDIENT to thy gentle voice,

Sweet maid, the song I pour,

Dubious, or if the minstrel's choice

Of theme and metre, may rejoice,

Or hapless please no more.

Trembling, the tuneful lyre I take,

And linger in suspense—

O timid is my tongue to speak,

And tremulous my hand to make

The chords give utterance !

B

Yet lady, if thou wilt, I'll dare,

With wildest melody

And numbers rude, to greet thine ear,

With tale that some perchance may hear,

And deign to praise my minstrelsey.

MORNI.

CANTO FIRST.

THE harp that once with lofty song,
Gave joy to Morni's warrior throng,
Hangs now alas ! unstrung ;
And the bards moulder in the grave,
That sung the deeds of CATHMOB brave—
Their passing knells have rung.

Dark is the eye whose vivid beam
Aroused the soul's heroic dream,
All thought of danger frightening :
O dark that eye whose speaking light,
Illumed the path to glory's height,
Ierne's sons delighting !

Full many an age, since wild were flung
The latest accents of that tongue,
Whose praise was honor's crown—
Whose proudest descant gave to fame,
The hero's deeds, the patriot's name,
Who braved the tyrant's frown.

Fiorin weaves his web of green,*
Where bannered minaret has been ;
And from the social hall,
The darkling night-bird's heard to scream,
Where Beauty glanced her brightest beam—
Time throws its veil o'er all !

Yet still there lives a bard to raise
The song—a harp to sound in praise
Of CATHMON's gallant race ;
To swell the gale that murmuring sighs
Over the grave where the chieftain lies,
Dark in his resting place.

* Fiorin, a kind of joint-grass, whose shoots and strings interweave, and form a kind of reticulated surface. It is a species of the *Agrostis stolonifera*, and flourishes in every situation, whether moist or dry.

Peace to the manes of the blest—

In glory shall the hero rest :

Thy wreath, immortal Fame,

Entwine for him—around his tomb

Bright Honor shed eternal bloom,

And deep enrol his name !

Engraven by thy sacred hand,

Let Erin's valiant offspring stand

Preeminent, to virtue dear :

Unhallowed be the breath that dries

The dew that on their marble lies,

Their country's tributary tear.

Long may her sons, the victor's wreath

Triumphant wear—O long beneath

Her favoured skies in freedom breathe,

Unconquered by her foes ;

Still grasp the patriot's glorious prize,

A deathless name—then Erin's sighs

Shall softly swell their lullabies,

And sing them to repose !

While minstrels of their native land,
Grateful, inspired, with eager hand,
 Shall sweep the echoing string—
Shall pour the song from hill to hill,
From age to age, recording still
 What bards delight to sing.

Now call we long-lost scenes to view,
The tale of former days renew,
 And trace the deeds that shone,
Bright as the hour of mid-day sun,
When Morni's gallant chieftain won,
 And wore fair Honor's zone :

How stately rose his castle walls—
How carved were his spacious halls—
 And high his towers reared
Their battlements of massive form,
That long had braved the winter's storm,
 And hostile prowess dared.

Wide were the portals, broad and high,
The strong portcullis could defy
The force of warlike beam :
The bridge that rose or fell at will,
Could mock with ease that foeman's skill
Who dared to cross the stream.

Graceful on topmost tower was seen
His floating standard, emerald green,
With harp of golden hue,
That ne'er unfurled its folds to bend,
Unless to greet some welcome friend,
To gallant CATHMOR true.

But when his enemies appeared
In force, and bold defiance reared,
Or would the fort assail—
Then proud the lofty banner rose,
Wild waving o'er audacious foes,
Terrific in the gale.

Around the hall of banquet hung
The arms, that when the war-call rung,
Each of the vassal train
Might to his post, nor yet delay
To share the hazard of the day,
When summoned to the plain.

The lord of Morni castle stood
With princes ranked of noblest blood—
His wide extended fief,
His rich domain, and martial state,
The pomp that reigned within his gate—
All spoke the mighty chief.

The dauntless majesty of truth,
Upon his brow sate firm; from youth
Each thought spontaneous rose
Unsullied into life; nor knew
His tongue with subtle speech to woo
The confidence of foes.

But, conscious of his bosom's bent,
Free, bold, sincere, benevolent,
He scorned the envious eye
That sought, within his generous mind,
One secret influence to find,
That shunned its scrutiny.

By fortune favored, soothed, caressed,
The lofty passions of his breast,
Each manly thought displayed :
Though fame and glory seemed to move,
Yet was his soul akin to love,
Where truth and beauty swayed.

Five hundred warriors that drew,
With steady aim, the seasoned yew,
When CATHMOR gave command ;
With sword and spear-men, twenty score,
And knights, at least a hundred more,
Were marshalled in his band :

All trained to war's uncouth alarms,
And versed in hardy deeds of arms;
Nor less their gallant lord,
Whose penetrating glance discerned
The breast where loyal ardour burned—
Still bounteous to reward.

E'er foremost he in battle fray,
Where Truth and Honor led the way,
And Glory gave the word;
But Mercy ever held her place
Within his bosom, whispered peace,
And sheathed the victor sword.

The demon long of civil feud,
With jealous eye, indignant viewed,
His high, exalted state—
Had sworn with curst, malicious art,
The seeds of discord to impart,
And cloud his brilliant fate :

Had oft, with watchful, treach'rous care,
Contrived each artifice, to snare
 His noble heart in vain ;
With wrath beheld his spotless soul,
Scorning her baneful, dread control,
 And all her lawless train.

For still, superior to her wiles,
Uninfluenced by Fortune's smiles,
 And careless of her frown,
Regardless he of fraud or force,
Upheld fair Virtue's onward course,
 And made her path his own.

When Laughlin's wary chieftain rose,
The proudest of the Morni foes,
 Ambitious of a name ;
In courtly pomp, in lady's bower,
In love, and wealth, and feudal power,
 His rival still for fame.

Fit instrument ~~for deadly hate,~~
Or civil strife, to darken ~~fate,~~
Was Laughlin's haughty lord;
Though scarce in ~~manhood's ripened bloom,~~
Had pride unbounded ~~shed its gloom~~
On every deed and word.

Unhallowed rolled his eye of ~~brown,~~
When passion wreathed it with a frown,
Or jealous Phrensy fired:
Her reign, within his troubled mind,
She held rejoicing, unconfined,
And all her pangs inspired.

Oft-times Ambition's ~~mad'ning touch,~~
Unveiling to his mind, so much
Of power, wealth and fame,
Would raise such tempest in his breast,
As banished every ~~milder guest,~~
And stifled—even shame.

Yet DESMOND had his calmer hours,
When Pleasure strewed his path with flowers,
Or crowned the midnight bowl :
If then the fiend a moment fled,
A ray of sullen joy o'erspread
His darkly clouded soul.

The friend his fancy made to-day,
Capricious, morning drove away ;
So fickle was his mood :
E'en where his judgment most approved,
His selfish tyranny removed
All claim to gratitude.

Suspicion o'er his bosom stealing,
Subdued each gen'rous, nobler feeling,
That might have harboured there ;
And when Affection's ray shot forth,
Like wintry beam of furthest north,
It shone with lifeless glare :

Else blazing with intensest heat,
Its unreined fervour would defeat
The rising hopes of Love,
Whose flowrets might have sweetly bloomed,
Had not th' ungenial flame consumed
Each tendril as it throve.

And yet, he had an eye could tell
A tale of softer passion well,
That seemed no work of art;
But let one cloud obscure his sun—
That moment was the web unspun,
That Love or Friendship had begun
To weave around his heart.

Where Justice claimed, or Want required,
His hand, erst prodigal, retired
Closing the plenteous hoard;
Yet whim, insatiate love of praise,
And wish to lure the vulgar gaze,
Would oft compel his hearth to blaze,
And heap the sumptuous board :

Whilst they who ne'er declined to share
The rich profusion, costly fare
And mirth-inspiring bowl,
Condemned the vain and thoughtless waste,
And pompous giver of the feast,
That scorned all just control.

Lord DESMOND loved to plan and boast
Of battles to be won, or lost
In fields of ghastly death :
But there his maiden sword had never
Unsheathed, the thread of life to sever,
Or shorten foeman's breath.

And slaves who knew his humour well,
In secret whisp'rings dared to tell
He oftener would essay
To gain his point by subtle art,
Than nobly act the hero's part,
Where danger barred the way.

The lawless fury of his ire,
Though flaming with unquenched fire,
Would shun an equal foe ;
But, treasured till convenient hour,
Burst forth on all within its power,
And spread dismay and wo.

Like him, with burnished crest of gold,
That winds, with many a sinuous fold,
Through Cashmere's sylvan bowers ;
'Till near some lone, devoted prey,
One dire embrace of fell dismay
He gives, and then devours.

Dark was the fortress of Laughlin,
And gloomy were its halls within,
Where spear and falchion hung,
With bow and arrow, helm and shield,
And trophies of the conquered field,
Of chase, dispersed among.

Around the fort, on either side,
Circled the fosse both deep and wide,
All access else to bar ;
Save where the warder looked from high,
And cautious marked the stranger nigh,
Or challenged from afar.

His vassal train, in mail array,
A formidable front display—
But mark the warrior's eye ;
No ardour in the cause beams there,
No look that speaks not doubt or fear,
Mistrusting tyranny.

For they who would this chieftain serve,
From Honor's sacred path must swerve,
Obsequious to his will ;
For secret service, pander, spy,
Or deed of foul atrocity,
Be found subservient still.

D

Wo to the favored sons of fate,
Who, raised beyond the common state,
By Fortune's gilded smile,
Unlicensed give each passion way—
Wo to their false and meteor ray,
That leads the vulgar herd astray—
The guilt of those they so beguile,
Hangs heavy on their souls the while!

The warder from his lonely tower,
Cheerless proclaimed the midnight hour,
Then silent trod the rounds;
Attentive paused, with listening ear—
A messenger of speed drew near—
His mellow bugle sounds.

“Ho! Warder! Let the draw-bridge fall!

“’Tis BRYAN speeds him to the hall,

“With tidings from Dunliff.

“Arouse lord DESMOND, till he learns

“The news with which his scout returns!

“Haste thee, good COLLEMAGH—swift!”

His chieftain's mood, the guardsman knew,
And instant to the chamber flew,
Nor tarried on his route;
"Now wake lord DESMOND—wake this hour!
"There's news from lady MALGA's bower—
"Young BRYAN waits without!"

No need of thund'ring knock or bellow,
To rouse the DESMOND from his pillow—
His couch neglected lay;
Impatience wild, within his breast,
Had robbed his weary eye of rest,
That longed for dawn of day.

"Admit the courier—away!"
The guardsman hastens to obey
The mandate stern and brief;
The portals ope, the draw-bridge falls,
And BRYAN, safe within the walls,
Hastes to his surly chief.

" Hah ! BRYAN, I am pleased to see

" Thy firm and tried fidelity ;

" This speed best speaks thy love !

" How fares the beauteous lady ?—Pray

" Hast seen the Morni chieftain ?—Say

" Does fate propitious prove ?"

" As thou my chieftain didst allow,

" I spurred my courser to the brow

" That hangs o'er old Dunlift :

" Concealed I lay, till evening bell

" Had tolled to yesterday farewell,

" Then sallied from the clift.

" As near the western port I drew,

" By this dark robe concealed from view,

" Amidst the CATHMOR's retinue

" The chief I could descry.

" O welcome did the guest appear,

" Hailed by the vassals' loudest cheer—

" The voice of unfeigned joy !

" All now secure within the gate,

" I issued from my dark retreat,

 " And scaled the outward mound ;

" Then boldly plunging through the tide,

" I gained the rampart's lofty side,

 " And cleared it with a bound.

" Led by the moon's uncertain light,

" I wandered round the fortress quite,

 " Explored each secret route ;

" Then from the parapet I crept,

" While unsuspecting sentries slept,

 " Nor dreamed of **DESMOND**'s scout.

" The lattice of the grand saloon,

" Attracts my cautious steps, and soon

 " The splendid hall I spy ;

" For curtains careless closed between,

" And open casement, gave the scene

 " Full to my wond'ring eye.

" Mild as the light the moonbeam throws,

" Soft as the dew-drop on the rose,

" I saw Dunlift's fair maid repose

 " On couch of crimson hue :

" Her rising bosom half concealed

" Beneath the dark-brown locks, that veiled

 " Her eyes of softest blue.

" The silken scarf of swarded green,

" Mixed with the fall of ringlets sheen,

 " That round her bosom clung ;

" And purer than the falling snow,

" Down from her waist, in graceful flow

 " The vestal garment hung.

" The wreath that round her forehead twined,

" Seemed contrast for its white designed,

 " Beneath its foliage shewn ;

" The native lustre, bloom and grace,

" That beamed around her youthful face,

 " Might rival Beauty's own.

" Beside the maiden's seat was placed
" One, by the gallant CATHMOR graced ;
" Ardent the maid he wooed :
" Her hand in his, the chieftain held,
" While timid blushes scarce repelled
" The youth that fondly stied.

" So fair a dame—so brave a knight—
" I gazed with wonder and delight ;
" But mindful soon of thee,
" I wished the maid within thine arms—
" The Morni chief unnumbered harms—
" Dunlift beneath the sea.

" And yet, when o'er her harp she hung,
" The curses fled my wrathful tongue ;
" For, as the chords she swept,
" Sad Pity round my bosom wreathed ;
" But when her silver numbers breathed,
" In unison—I wept.

“ Just then, around, with magic spell,
“ Her eye she cast—methought it fell—
“ It piercing fell on mine ;
“ And seemed to say, (so fancy dreamed,
“ While scarce her form of earth I deemed,)
“ Thy base pursuit resign.”

A frown on DESMOND's forehead lowers—
“ Forgive me chieftain—there are hours,
“ When Nature's empire proudly towers
“ O'er human zeal and art ;
“ But sympathies like these, I feel
“ So seldom now, methinks to steel
“ Is turned this youthful heart.”

“ Say'st thou to steel !, Would that it were !
“ For by my life, thy heart I fear
“ Is formed of waxen mould ;
“ And but I know thee brave, I'd guess
“ Thy mother's milk had yielded less
“ Of steel, than melting tenderness,
“ To form a warrior bold.

" But tell me, in their converse sweet,
" If aught for my bold purpose meet
" You heard—What said the dame?
" Spoke she of DESMOND or his suit
" With scorn or hatred? What boy! mute!
" Confound thee—speak!—Nor dream
" That DESMOND cares for aught—e'en now
" By all that's great on earth, I vow
" This arm shall never rest,
" 'Till Dunliff's maiden owns me lord,
" And all her boasted charms reward
" The flame that fires my breast!

" Shall Laughlin's mighty chieftain own
" His love in vain, or slave-like groan
" Beneath a woman's scorn?
" No! CATHMOR, vengeance shall be mine!
" Thy blooming myrtles I will twine
" Around this brow—that wreath of thine
" From thee shall soon be torn!"

E

So raved aloud th' infuriate lord,
As oft with eager hand his sword
 He grasped, whilst vengeful ire
Insatiate, raging in his breast,
By storm of jealousy possessed,
 Fanned fierce the hateful fire.

Young BRYAN marked the baron's rage,
Nor dared with look or word assuage
 The phrensy as it rose :
With gentle phrase, now poured the balm
Of flattery, nor failed to calm
 His spirit to repose.

“ Believe me, Laughlin's lord lets fly
“ Love's arrows with a careless eye,
 “ Regardless of the mark ;
“ For not a heart in Erin's land,
“ His ardent glances could withstand,
“ Would DESMOND hold the nuptial brand,
 “ Or deign to strike the spark.

" No word discordant to his ear

" By MALGA spoke, did BRYAN hear :

" The maiden's heart is formed

" Too soft and pure, to think with scorn

" Of one so great, so nobly born—

" Then cease to be alarmed.

" Some converse of a gentler kind

" Methinks I heard ; to call to mind

" Each word as mild it broke

" In honied accents on mine ear,

" 'Twere hard indeed—but somewhat near

" To this, the fair one spoke :

" Ah CATHMOR ! What thou wouldst implore

" Of MALGA, she would grant, and more ;

" But say, dear, gallant youth !

" Is there no danger to be feared ?

" Have there not spies of late appeared,

" And hoofs on mountain heath been heard

" Untimely ?—Speak me truth !"

" As graceful to his lips he pressed
" The maiden's hand, and fondly blessed
 " The hour that joined their fates :"
" Now hushed be all thy fears, (he said)
" DESMOND dares not thy peace invade
 " Within these hallowed gates.

" Trust me, the eye of Love is keen
" To seek the foe that lurks unseen,
 " Or dares a rival prove ;
" Strong is the arm by fame inspired !
" And firm the heart by friendship fired—
 " But ten-fold firm by love !

" No boaster sure is MALGA's knight,
" And yet methinks this arm in fight
 " Might match the DESMOND's skill ;
" My warriors are brave and tried,
" But when to Dunliff's chief allied,
" We soon shall humble Laughlin's pride
 " And curb his headstrong will.

“ And then in murmurs soft, he poured

“ His raptures to the maid adored,

“ Persuasive, fondly wooing ;

“ Nor heard the fair his vows unmoved,

“ Each timid glance but certes proved

“ He was not vainly suing.”

“ CATHMOR, (she smiling said) to prove

“ The constancy of those we love,

“ Is wise ; a pledge I’ve given,

“ That ere those sacred bands I twine

“ At sainted Ida’s holy shrine

“ I’ll seal my peace with heaven.”

“ O MALGA be thy promise kept !

“ And ere to-morrow’s sun has slept

“ On Ocean’s gilded breast,

“ Thy thoughts, as pure as falling snows,

“ At Ida’s sacred fane disclose—

“ Then be thy CATHMOR blest !”

" Swift as the arrow from the bow,
" That lays the antlered monarch low,
" Did BRYAN from the fort
" His homeward way with eager speed
" Retrace, and urge his foaming steed,
" These tidings to report."

A gleam of ghastly joy o'erspread
The DESMOND'S face, as dark and dread,
His smile portended ill.

" By all the demon powers of hell!"
(The wily chief exclaimed)—" 'Tis well!
" I'll mar their pious zeal!

" Hah! MALGA, let me see if now
" Thy sainted witch will hear thy vow,
" Or screen thy wondrous charms;
" Or yet if that brave knight of thine,
" Will cope with twenty spears of mine
" And snatch thee from mine arms!

“ Go BRYAN, call the guardsman here !

“ I’ve somewhat for his private ear ;

“ And let the warder know

“ My will—that here no drawbridge falls,

“ Nor mortal dare to part these walls,

“ ’Till I give license—go !”

Long prone to deeds that shunned the day,

Dark MURDOCH hastened to obey

The summons of his lord ;

For ever ripe, by word or deed,

To make his fellow’s bosom bleed,

And slake his thirsty sword.

In secret conference they plan

The arming of the Laughlin clan ;

Of whom full fifty men,

Selected, bold and firm of heart,

Most fit to play the desperate part,

Should singly seek Saint Ida’s glen,

And muster in the wizard’s den.

The Bard of Carah pauses here,
To mark the maiden's eye :
Speaks it of weariness—of fear ?
Or beams it confidence, to cheer
And warm his minstrelsey ?

Lost in the tide of bardic strain,
Ah ! where would fancy lead ?
Paused he to mark thine eye ? In vain
For him it speaks ; he ne'er again
The living thought shall read :

The heaven-born pleasure, pure, refined,
From earthly language free,
The rapture felt, yet undefined,
The converse of the kindred mind
In looks of sympathy :

No more for him the varied flow
Of soft emotion swells ;
The vivid cheek, the eye's bright glow,
Alike, or joy or streaming wo,
Where gloomy darkness dwells.

But though that charm of life be flown,
That gilds each hour the while,
Superior joys are still his own,
Desponding thoughts are aye unknown,
Where Thou and Friendship smile.

Remember lady, whilst he sings,
'Tis native Fancy all :
No borrowed intellect he brings
To aid her numbers, as she wings
Her flight at MOINA's call.

Then MOINA, if the story tire,
Or fail to please thee much,
A train of happier thought inspire,
Tune thou this wild, untutored lyre—
There's magic in thy touch !

Thy hand, fair maid, and thine alone
Can harmonize its strings !
If thou wilt meliorate its tone,
Thine be the pleasure—all thine own,
The melody it brings !

END OF CANTO FIRST.

F

MORNI.

CANTO SECOND.

INTRODUCTION

TO

CANTO SECOND.



NOW Darkness spreads her sable shield,
The waning moon has sunk till morrow ;
And balmy sleep the world has sealed—
But Laughlin's chief no rest can borrow.

Soft slumbers o'er the pillow weave
Their web for him, in lowly dwelling ;
But Laughlin's wealthy lord is slave
To care, and grief his heart is swelling.

Contending passions, love unblest,
Suspended hope and fear's dread sorrow,
United, scare the tranquil guest,
And uncontrolled his bosom harrow.

The slave who labours at the oar,
Then sinks to rest, his care suspending,
Can surely boast a greater store
Of peace, at least can dream of more
Than wealth and pomp, with guilt attending.

The world may chafe with guile and art;
The purest minds a time may languish,
But shelter find within the heart—
From thence the guilty flee with anguish.

None are exempt on earth from woes,
(Grief pours on all her bitter phial,)
Religion spreads her shield o'er those
Who sink not, fail not, in the trial.

While sweet Oblivion pours her balm
O'er MALGA'S brow, by virtue hallowed,
The soul of Morni's knight is calm—
But Laughlin's chief no rest hath borrowed.

MORNI.

CANTO SECOND.

THE bell tolled three! And all was hushed,
When **BRYAN** from his pillow rushed,
By frightful vision scared;
His lamp expiring first renewed,
And then, (his terrors half subdued,)
With wary eye his chamber viewed,
As something dread he feared.

“Shades of my father, guard me still!
(Then crossed his bosom thrice,)—“Thy will
“O saint, be alway mine!
“Deign to extend thy fostering power!
“O shield us in this fearful hour!
“Saint Ida, guard the shrine!”

Awhile he paused—his scattered thought
Collecting, doubtful still if aught
Might cross his lonesome way ;
If all within the castle slept,
Save where the guard his vigils kept,
He listening sought—then softly crept
To where his sister lay.

Young EVA was a faithful maid,
That oft superior worth displayed,
Nor graceless was her form ;
All equally confessed her kind,
Yet prudence swayed her youthful mind
And decked each simple charm.

Together she and BRYAN grew,
Copartners of the good they knew,
In friendship haply paired :
Though griefs were sometimes veiled, from fear
To pain the bosom each held dear,
In joys both equal shared.

But oft as conscience stood opposed,
The secret sorrow was disclosed,
Such comfort to derive,
As friendly admonitions give
The heart, where truth and virtue live
And struggle to survive.

So fared it now with BRYAN—stung
With keen remorse, his bosom wrung
With anguish, for the part
He late had ta'en in DESMOND's cause;
His inward monitor's applause
Had ceased to cheer his heart.

The youth, in battle's danger bold,
Possessed a heart of kindest mould;
And though but lowly born,
The base assassin's wily trade,
The foe that fired from guarded shade,
He viewed with eye of scorn.

But favourite of a lawless chief,
Whose tongue to right his hand was brief,
His mind was warped, and gained
By word of praise, or frown of terror,
He oft was urged to deed of error,
Which else he had disdained.

The ivy thus, and tendriled vine,
Around the oak, aspiring twine,
Its growth to emulate;
If planted at the bramble's side,
From thorn to thorn their armlets glide
In form degenerate.

As near his sister's couch he drew
And paused, the slumb'ring maid to view,
Awhile he pensive gazed:
Her rosy cheek he fondly pressed;
Then roused her from her peaceful rest:
The maiden waked, amazed.

" From whence, dear BRYAN? Haste and say

" Why from thy pillow dost thou stray

" In midnight's silent gloom?

" What means thy altered countenance?

" Has pain or sorrow banished thence

" Kind Nature's healthful bloom?"

" EVA! My heart is ill at rest—

" Remorse is now thy brother's guest—

" His face hath well portrayed

" His mental wo; the hero's life,

" And MALGA, CATHMOR's, promised wife,

" To DESMOND I've betrayed.

" Look not aghast, my bosom's friend—

" Misguided zeal alone could bend

" My spirit to such deeds!

" O let me plead in my defence,

" That zeal, my youth, and ignorance—

" From them arose the dread offence,

" For which this bosom bleeds!

" Believe me, penitence is mine,

" But now 'tis needless to repine ;

" Our sorrow cannot save

" The maiden of Dunliff from wrong,

" Nor Morni's knight, though brave and strong,

" From DESMOND's threatened grave.

" But thought might yet some measure bold,

" To lay the coming storm unfold

" And counteract his plan ;

" Soon as the Morning Star has driven,

" Half through the azure vault of heaven,

" His early course, are orders given

" To martial Laughlin's clan.

" When DESMOND bade me summon late

" Dark MURDOCH to the close debate,

" Impending ill I feared :

" It chanced mine office led me where

" Their counsels shunned the common ear,

" And much, too much I heard.

“ In whispers most they spoke, yet oft,

(“ As vehemence would urge aloft

“ The voice in accents dread,)

“ I heard of warriors arrayed

“ In arms, and secretly conveyed

“ To where the wizard's bones are laid,

“ All reckless of the dead.

“ Pretence is made to Laughlin's men,

“ To hunt with spear in Ida's glen,

“ As boar of furious mien

“ Has lately harboured near the shrine

“ In violence of law divine,

“ Which, DESMOND says, forbids that swine

“ On holy ground be seen :

“ But Morni's chief with curses named,

“ And MALGAWITH light speech profaned,

“ Announced their real bent ;

“ And well I ween, in ambush laid,

“ They mean to snare the pious maid—

“ But by Saint Ida's holy shade,

“ We'll mar their base intent !

" Scarce had oblivion's dew been shed
" Around this weary, pillowed head,
" Mine eyes in slumber sealed,
" When circled by celestial light,
" Benign, her form in vision bright
" Appeared, to point the path of right,
" And heaven's high will revealed.

" Should DESMOND still relentless prove,
" And neither prayer nor pity move
" To spare his helpless prey,
" Although this arm should withered be
" Beneath his vengeful tyranny—
" I'll wash my crime away.

Now EVA, ere to thee I tell
" My secret purpose—mark we well—
" O say if nerve thou hast
" To brave alone the dangerous path;
" Encircled by the tempest's wrath
" And chill of midnight blast!

" Art thou so firm? Though hark! Around

" The groaning battlements resound,

" Appalling thunders roll,

" And fill this night with wild alarm—

" Doubtless the spirits of the storm,

" Aroused by deeds of foulest form,

" Amidst the whirlwinds howl!

" Canst thou, in innocency bold,

" Unguarded face the night-dews cold,

" That dark and cheerless fall?

" When lonely on the mountain's brow,

" Wilt thou not shrink—(O tell me now!)

" Though injured virtue call?"

" To what would all thy questions tend?

" To doubt, is but to wrong thy friend—

" Say, hast thou yet to prove

" Her truth? Or think'st thou she would fail

" In aught concerns thy peace or weal?

" O! BRYAN trust her love!

" Though demon, sprite, or goblin form

" Howl dismal on the pelting storm

" That beats around her head—

" Though pitiless the night-dews fall,

" Yet still at Virtue's sacred call

" And thine, would EVA brave them all,

" Nor feel one childish dread!"

" 'Tis well—and yet my soul is grieved

" To have its sorrows thus relieved—

" Thy safety pledged for me!

" Oh CATHMOR! what a debt is thine!

" What deep and ceaseless anguish mine,

" Should aught endanger thee!

" May fav'ring heaven the deed approve,

" That bars the DESMOND's guilty love,

" And shield us from his wrath—

" With fortitude inspire thy heart,

" And arm thee for the dangerous part—

" Good angels guard thy path!

“ Disguise sufficient thou wilt find

“ In this dark mantle, tiger-lined,

“ Well suited to the storm ;

“ My berrad too, and falchion wear—

“ This garb will lend a soldier’s air,

“ And hide thy slender form.

“ Now seek lord CATHMOR’s private ear,

“ And as he holds his mistress dear,

“ Let firm resolve and speed

“ Attend the means he may adopt,

“ Ere DUNLIFT’s fairest flower be cropt,

“ And Virtue mourns the deed.

“ One only tie upon his word

“ I claim—he must not draw the sword

“ Of vengeance dread to-morrow :

“ Should DESMOND fall—his blood be spilt,

“ My clouded sun, obscured in guilt,

“ Would set in endless sorrow.

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" At present, by his strict command;
" My self as sentinel must stand
" Henceforth till dawn of day;
" And now I hasten to my post,
" Were I found absent, all were lost—
" Our cares were thrown away.

" When MURDOCH treads the nightly rounds,
" And finds all safe within the bounds,
" Be ready thou for flight;
" Safe exit at the ports obtain,
" Ere sentinels are changed again!
" Thou com'st, with morning's light."

The maid arrayed in warrior's guise,
Braves lonely the inclement skies—
The barrier is passed;
Many a wistful eye around:
She throws, and starts at every sound
That rustles in the blast:

Along a rugged mountain's base,
Whose black'ning shades the night increase.

She bends her anxious steps :
From its incumbent sides, the rock
In masses rude, its bed forsook
And strewed the path in heaps.

As broke the blast its fragments over,
Wild answer gave the frightened plover ;
Roused from its flowery bed
The heathcock sprung, his panic fear
Charging each bush with falconer,
And self-alarmed fled.

Pour from the height a hundred streams,
Tinged by the lightnings passing beams ;
Forth from their hollow caves
The blust'ring winds impetuous rush,
As if the trembling vale to crush,
Whilst loud the torrent raves.

" Unspotted virgin ! guard me now !

" From yonder rock's stupendous brow,

" What spectre form depends !

" As lightnings aid mine awe-struck eye,

" The unearthly figure I descry—

" See ! where it gains the crag on high,

" And with the tempest bends !

" What sad, uncertain sounds are these ?

(" So wailing o'er the dead, the breeze

" In plaintive murmurs sighs.")

In wonder half, and half in fear

She paused, and with attentive ear

Caught the strange melodies,

Hast thou, when ocean's storm was coming,

And mountain high the white wave foaming,

Listed the heron's cry,

By distance and the breaking billow,

Softened to sounds so wildly mellow—

Almost 'twas harmony ?

Or hast thou in some lone retreat,
The parent stock-dove chanced to meet,
Far from the noisy crowd,
Who there secure in watchful love,
Had hoped beneath the shelt'ring grove,
To rear her callow brood,

Returning with the long-sought grain,
Finds all her anxious labours vain,
Her joys, her treasure rifled?
Oh! marked ye then the frantic tone,
In which she poured her varied moan,
'Till spent with grief—the plaint is gone,
By hopeless sorrow stifled?

And hast thou?—thou may'st fancy well
The notes which now the wild winds swell,
The echoing rocks among—
By fits was heard the changeful strain,
While fancy filled the pause between,
And thus the wanderer sung:

Song.

Oh! why at the chase dost thou loiter, my love,

Our bridal awaits thy return?

The wandering mavis has long ceased to rove,

To the soft-slumb'ring turtle close nestles the dove,

I only in solitude mourn.

Thou pride of the forest, Oh! where dost thou tarry?

The deer to the covert are gone;

Mine eyes they are aching, of watching aweary,

The night dews are falling, the dark clouds are dreary—

Unsheltered I wander alone.

On the mountain the strongest—the valley the fleetest,

Ah! wherefore my THULON delay?

I have plaited a garland, of flowers the meetest,

Our couch is prepared—but the roses the sweetest,

Have faded and withered away.

Yet grieve thee not, dearest—for me there's no pillow,

No couch of repose, save thy breast :

O! sweetly we'll slumber beneath the green willow,

While the wind swelling softly, shall heave the dark billow,
low,

And AGNES will sing thee to rest !

The voice was hushed—but still the song

The echoes from the rocks prolong,

And swell the notes again ;

A moment, silence reigned around,

And when again the tones were found,

Changed was their low and murmuring sound—

'Twas thus they faintly ran :

My heart is cold, my joy is o'er,

My latest hope for ever gone ;

The night shall flee the dawn before,

My light, my life, he comes no more—

I weep alone !

Methought upon the midnight blast

His voice I heard, his bugle's tone :
As floats the breeze, so light, so fast,
From me the treach'rous hope is passed—
I weep alone !

When moonbeams lit the waving tree,
And o'er its branching surface shone,
I thought his spear, his plume to see,
His manly form—but wo is me !
I weep alone !

They bade me once forget my love,
That he for aye from me had flown,
That gold and pomp the price should prove :
'Twas then I vowed the night to rove,
And weep alone !

Perhaps e'en now the barb of wo,
 Winged by the hand of Death, has flown—
 I see !—I see the life-blood flow !
 Of every joy bereft, I go
 To weep alone !

Ye lightnings, rear your gilded crest !
 Guide me to THELON'S burial stone !
 The sight will rend this blighted breast—
 No longer then, unloved, unblest,
 I'll weep alone !

Unhappy maid ! In vain for thee,
 The pitying tear of sympathy
 On EVA'S cheek is streaming !
 It cannot cool thy burning brain—
 It brings no balm to heal again
 Thy peace that's past redeeming !

Not thus within thy native bower,
Thou bloomedst once, thou blighted flower—

Thy youthful spring is o'er :
Though tears in kindly showers be shed,
They cannot lift thy drooping head,
That's sunk to rise no more.

Not thus, FINLOGAN'S woods among,
The feathered quiver lightly slung
Thy graceful shoulder round ;
Young THULON loved with thee to stray,
Or paused to list thine artless lay
That blessed him with its sound.

Had years of soft endearment proved
How much that thrilling voice he loved—
No dearer sounds he sought ;
'Twas joy, that form's unstudied grace
To watch, and in thy speaking face
Each feeling as it rose to trace—
How pure the lines it taught !

As lively as the rainbow's hue,
As varied, and as transient too,
Youth's airy visions spread :
On both we gaze—they disappear,
Nor leave one trace to tell, that here
The glory blazed—and fled.

Their faithful love, FINLOGAN blessed,
Their bridal day was named, the feast
Within the hall was spread,
And many a tuneful bard was there,
And many a knight and lady fair
The dance at even led.

Amidst the gay and festive scene,
Appeared one guest of doubtful mien,
Whose smooth and specious word
Belied the look of cold disdain,
The smile of ill-dissembled pain,
That sate on Laughlin's lord.

What felt the bride—that in the dance
She started if she caught his glance ;
And when she poured the song,
As met her eye his stedfast gaze,
The wildered harp in dread amaze,
Her fingers strayed among ?

Two days the sparkling mead went round ;
The board two days the banquet crowned ;
The third at morn, with joyous sound,
FINLOGAN'S bugle swells.
“ Reach from the wall my slackened bow,
“ Once more to chase the deer we go,
“ Ere time the hunter quells !”

A gallant train that day went forth,
With hearts that owned their leader's worth—
Yet some were stamped with guile ;
The bride has clasped O'THULON'S horn,
And tied a scarf herself had worn,
And blest him with her smile.

That lady in her bower apart,
Was chiding still her boding heart,
When day began to wane :
Sad o'er the sounding harp she hung,
Though well the witching notes it rung
Might sooth her bosom's pain.

Soft on the evening breeze they die,
As to FINLOGAN'S hall drew nigh,
With slow and solemn pace,
The hunter train : their horns were mute,
Nor stag-hound bayed one cheerful note,
Returning from the chase.

The shells o'erflow, the board is spread—
But who shall banquet with the dead ?
Roams free and wide the doe ;
For deep within the forest green,
Five hostile arms and poniards keen,
Have laid O'THULON low.

Five widows heard in Laughlin's vale,
With wild dismay, the horrid tale,
And raised the song of death ;
And children, when the eve returned,
Their sires' delay in secret mourned,
And watched their homeward path.

Felt the bride less than clansmen rude,
That wailing round their chieftain stood,
And wept the fallen brave ?
The young deplore his timeless fate,
The old his gentler deeds relate,
Lamenting o'er his grave.

But from her pulseless heart, no sigh
Escaped, no tear bedewed her eye
That moved not from the bier :
In later times one would have said,
The sculptured marble o'er the dead,
Had pictured wan despair.

And when again her look she raised,

'Twas dim—uncertain—wild—amazed—

Each limb convulsive shook ;

Her arms across her breast she laid—

Then slow, unconscious and dismayed,

The pitying crowd forsook.

The cypress waves o'er THURON's head—

But the mountain rock is AGNES' bed—

Her sire FINLOGAN sleeps

Where sunbeams dance and breezes play—

But a loathsome cave conceals by day

The place where AGNES weeps :

Or else from some o'erhanging steep,

She views the darkly rolling deep,

Beneath her feet that roars,

When seamen mark the beauteous wreck,

And list the mountain maniac,

While resting on their oars.

But those who seek Saint Ida's tomb,
Whose silent shade and sacred gloom
To softer fancies lead,
And hear her sing and wildly rave,
"The lonely spirit of the cave,"
Have called the wo-struck maid.

Hail, mild eyed being! Pity hail!
Thou through the frozen heart canst steal,
Diffusing peaceful calm;
By man revered, to heaven most dear,
The care-worn wretch thou lend'st a tear,
Whose grief denies the balm.

Inspired by thee, mid Fortune's smile,
From selfish pleasure to beguile
Our thought, another pleads:
From thee the soft infection flows,
And angels weep for human woes,
When suffering Virtue bleeds.

I see thee in the melting eye,

I hear thee in the frequent sigh

That EVA's breast is heaving ;

More bright than Hesper's trembling beam,

I trace thee in the lucid stream

That Beauty's cheek is laving.

Not yet was dry that sparkling dew,

When near the fortress wall she drew,

The warder from on high

Her summons heard, and challenge gave—

“ Admittance to your chief I crave,

“ The hero's brightest gem to save—

“ Lord CATHMOR's friend am I.”

The massive gates soon wide were thrown,

And welcome to the guest unknown

Was given : “ Warriour, receive

“ Our chieftain's thanks, whom thou shalt see ;

“ Thy proffered deeds of courtesy,

“ No doubt thou wilt achieve.

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" I pray thee, here thy bidding tarry,
" Whilst to my honoured chief I carry
" With speed, thy greeting kind ;
" Fortune has favoured thee in faith,
" Short moment hence, on mountain heath,
" His early steps would find."

So spake the CATHMOR's page, in truth,
A courtly and a gallant youth,
Whose hand and heart were free
To yield to friends his own delights,
And share with even foes, the rights
Of hospitality.

With downcast eye and fearful heart,
Did EVA see the page depart,
With him her courage fled ;
His gentle speech had calmed to rest
The terrors of her troubled breast,
That rose in timeless dread.

Ill could sustain, that timid fair,
The soldier's rude, unlicensed stare
That died her burning cheek ;
The jeer that mocked her slender form
And massive spear, that on her arm,
But scorned its bearer weak.

Light recked they of the bashful boy
That stood aloof so meek and coy,
With blushes covered o'er ;
Surmising from his graceful mien,
Fair follower in a lady's train,
Some gift of love he bore.

But ere she long had here delayed,
Or aught of woman's fear betrayed,
Young CORMAC had retraced
With hurried step the spacious hall,
The bearer of the chieftain's call,
That every doubt effaced.

"Permit me, gentle youth, to guide
"Your footsteps to our chieftain's side,"

He said—and graceful bending,
Led where alone the Baron stood,
The messenger of ill or good,
In patient mood attending.

"Young stranger, thou art welcome here,
"A soldier's greeting meets thine ear,"

The chieftain said, and smiled
To see such youth in arms arrayed,
Inquisitive he eyed the maid,
And marvelled much what cause could lead
Her footsteps o'er the wild.

"Methinks, young warrior, it seems new

"To steep thy plume in morning dew,

"Such youth as thine—nay beauty too,

"In arms we rarely see.

"Now prithee deign to say from whence,

"Nor hold me longer in suspense—

"What may thy purpose be?"

His gracious look and gentle smile

The terrors of her heart beguile ;

She raised her berrad* high ;

Her ringlets o'er her bosom fell—

“ 'Tis needless CATHMOR now to tell

“ No warrior am I.

“ For injured innocence I brave

“ The terrors of the foaming wave,

“ And tread the mountain path,

“ Undaunted by the lightning's gleam—

“ Nor shrank I, though the vivid beam

“ Seemed charged with demon's wrath.

“ A willing messenger of peace,

“ Young BRYAN's error to efface,

“ And sooth his sorrowed heart ;

“ Commissioned by his gen'rous zeal,

“ The wound his fault has given to heal,

“ And act a nobler part.

* The ancient appellation of the Irish hat or bonnet.

“ Protected by my saint I come
“ To warn thee of thy threatened doom,
“ A patient ear incline :
“ Should MALGA’S prove a lonely way,
“ She ne’er, to bless thy nuptial day,
“ Returns from Ida’s shrine.

“ For Laughlin’s lord, this fateful hour,
“ Is mustering his warlike power,
“ And chase, the cause assigned :
“ But mark me chief! In Ida’s glen,
“ In ambush laid, full fifty men
“ Will harbour near the wizard’s den,
“ For mischief dread designed.

“ When snared, the unsuspecting maid
“ In vain will call on thee for aid,
“ In DESMOND’S ruthless power ;
“ Though useless each deceit be tried
“ To win the maid to be his bride,
“ Yet shall his lawless will decide—
“ And MALGA rue that hour.”

Amazement on the Baron's cheek,
With anger flushing, seemed to speak
The wrath his bosom rent :
At length—"To arms ! To arms !" he cried—
Then snatched the bugle from his side
And wound a blast that far and wide
The warlike summons sent.

"Ensnare my love ! May vengeance roll :
"Its curses on the coward's soul !
"This sword shall ne'er be sheathed,
"Till DESMOND's blood the earth have drunk,
"Or this unconquered arm be sunk,
"In sanguine torrents bathed."

"Hold ! CATHMOR, hold ! In pity stay
"Thy vengeance to some future day !
"Thy solemn word I claim,
"That DESMOND's blood shall not be spilt—
"Remember chief, we share the guilt—
"Nay, spare young BRYAN's fame !"

" Oh think'st thou lady! I can wait
" And tamely leave my wrongs to fate,
" Nor pay the debt his deadly hate
" So wantonly has sought!
" By heaven! methinks I see the maid
" E'en now to DESMOND's grasp betrayed—
" There's madness in the thought!"

" What! CATHMOR! Can she vainly sue,
" To whom thy future hopes are due?
" From all her anxious cares
" Shall BRYAN's fall ensue? I would
" His gen'rous wish I had withstood,
" Nor felt for him than steel more rude
" That spurns his sister's prayers!"

When youth and weeping beauty plead,
Must frozen apathy pervade
The breast that can deny:
But CATHMOR's bosom, formed to love,
All dangers, doubts and fears above—
Could mourning virtue fail to move,
Or melt to sympathy?

Unbending as the forest's pride,
That clad his native mountain's side—
Mid foes his look was death;
When Feeling's touching voice was heard,
As gentle as the cowering bird,
That forest's boughs beneath.

“ Lady, forgive one moment's thought,
“ Thy juster claims I had forgot !
“ Not vainly hast thou sued :
“ Safe is thy brother's fame, (he said)
“ And dear to me, O gen'rous maid !
“ The debt of gratitude !

Then round the virgin's neck he flung
A silken band, from whence there hung
A cross with gems o'erset.
“ Oh EVA ! when this pledge you see,
“ Remember CATHMOR's word to thee,
“ And bless the hour we met !”

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Once more his bugle horn he wound,
The mountains echoed back the sound ;
 As down the vale it passed,
The summoned host their swords resigned,
Slowly their half-strung bows untwined,
 And marvelled at the blast.

“ Now hasten CORMAC, to prepare
“ A palfrey meet for lady fair,
 “ And do thyself attend
“ Our lovely warrior on her way,
“ As near to Laughlin’s bounds you may,
 “ Nor draw suspicion on our friend.

“ Let ARTHUR summon to the hall
“ The brave O’DONNEL and MAGALL ;
 “ With these we will devise
“ What lawful means are left us yet,
“ To snare the falc’ner in the net
 “ He spun with hellish guise.

“ And grant ! ye powers in whom I trust,

“ Destruction to his hopes accursed !

“ Thy sacred charge defend !

“ Avert ! ye saints, the threatened storm,

“ And round my MALGA’s angel form

“ Thy shelt’ring wings extend !”

A mandate from the CATHMOR given,
Forewarns the host, the eye of heaven

Sees not that day the war :

But chiefs are now in counsel met—

The snares are laid—the game is set—

Dark Laughlin’s lord beware !

With lighter heart and brighter eyes,

The maid resumed her warlike guise,

And by young CORMAC guarded,

Her hopes renewed and fears effaced,

Cheerful the mountain path retraced,

Whilst he each danger warded.

Its first bright rays the East was throwing,
That ruby-gemmed the streamlet, flowing
 Its native rocks among ;
O'er fine-spun web on tree suspended,
The dewdrop with the sunbeam blended,
 To deck their path along.

And need I, gentle hearer, say,
What spell beguiled their lonely way ?
 Each object graced anew ?
Haply, yourself have felt the charm,
When with some friend congenial, warm,
 The hours unheeded flew.

Nor would you deem it strange, if now
To CORMAC's eye, each greenwood bough
 Displayed a brighter die ;
If roses wild and blooming thorn
Demand his praise, though many a morn
Ere while with hawks, with hounds and horn,
 He passed them heedless by.

And if on EVA's cheek of rose,
In mantling blush, soft Pleasure glows,
Or sparkles in her eye,
Unsullied, pure and unrepressed,
You would not deem that maiden's breast
Aught failed in modesty.

I wis no sage, sophistic rules,
No lettered rage, or dream of schools,
Their gentle converse decked;
But void of guile or mental stain,
Arose the free, unfettered strain
Of native thought unchecked:

Nor cold reserve, nor fancied scorn,
Of Pride and dark Suspicion born,
Their mutual joys absorb:
The dictates of the feeling heart,
No model then received from art—
Since tricked in Fashion's garb.

He praises oft the strength of mind
That braved, (with form so fair combined,)
For love of truth, the midnight wind ;
 Then paints his chieftain's flame,
And fondly deems, with smile suppressed,
Each gallant clansman's youthful breast
 As well could feel the same.

The path was crossed with many a bar
Of bracken green—'twere better far
 His arm her steps should guide ;
Yet though so fain his charge to aid,
He would not wrong his faithful steed,
 Whose worth had well been tried.

Then Fancy tells, with varied flight,
Of warrior bold and goblin sprite,
 That peopled once the dale ;
And much the theme did he prolong,
As closer to his arm she clung—
 So fearful ran the tale.

He tells where once a castle stood,
Now 'merged beneath a laky flood,
By strange, unuttered spell ;
Its recreant lord his vows belied,
When lo ! his dread, enchantress bride
Conceived this vengeance fell :

And e'en his great-grand-sire had told,
Might lonely boatmen still behold
Its watery towers by night ;
Though sooth to say, himself had tried
In vain, to view its fallen pride,
By many a pale moonlight.

All this he tells, and haply more,
That fades the mists of time before—
Yet may the muse record,
That with the lore of legend dark,
Came comment sage, and such remark
As Nature's lights afford.

They wind along the wooded vale
And glen, emerging thence, inhale
The heather-scented, mountain gale,
The breath of early day;
Beyond its lofty summit lowers
The dark-wreathed brow of Laughlin's towers—
Their steps the trav'lers stay :

“ CORMAC adieu ! May heaven betide

“ Thine every wish, my careful guide—

“ Grant all thy hopes of fame !

“ When Eva's orisons ascend,

“ In grateful unison shall blend

“ A blessing on thy name.

“ And if mid gayer scenes of life,

“ When heard no more the voice of strife,

“ And war and discord cease,

“ 'Mongst fairer, happier maids, of me

“ One thought should steal—O let it be

“ Of kind regard and peace !”

As her withdrawing hand he pressed,
And sighed farewell, within his breast

A stranger CORMAC found ;
Nor wist he why in pensive mood,
He silent thus and gazing stood,
As up the path she wound :

Nor why, as o'er his courser's mane
Neglected hung the slackened rein,
Long dwelt his raptured eye
On EVA's form elastic bending,
With lightsome step the steep ascending ;
He felt a dream of bliss was ending,
Whilst breathed the parting sigh.

The valiant heart of CATHMOR now,
Grieved when he thought upon the vow
That luckless sheathed his sword :
His dauntless spirit eager burned,
'Till morning's dawn once more returned
To free his plighted word :

When hand to hand, and steel to steel,
His sword should make lord **DESMOND** feel
How love had nerved his arm;
Should make him weep with tears of blood,
The dark design and wily mood
That planned the purposed harm.

But time on rapid pinion flies—
The **Laughlin's** clan in ambush lies;
And soon from **Dunliff's** bower
The maid will forth, in prayer to bend,
And supplicate her hallowed Friend
To bless the nuptial hour.

Ere long, the chief his gallant steed
Bestrides, and now with lightning's speed
The trembling plain he sweeps;
Nor spares the spur, nor draws the rein,
'Till full within his view the fane
Where holy **Ida** sleeps.

All yet was silent as the tomb
Encircled by the midnight gloom ;
Nor voice was heard, nor maid
Before the rural altar knelt :
Relieved his troubled bosom felt—
He blessed the tranquil shade.

Above the cypress-shadowed bed,
No sculptured marble reared its head—
The pomp and pride of death ;
But time had shed its polish on
The rude carved cross and lettered stone
That told who slept beneath.

And many a pious foot had trod
A pathway through the mazy wood,
Whose close and verdant screen
Admitted not the glare of day,
But lent a soft and sombre ray,
Well suited to the scene.

Beyond the tomb, uncouth and wide,
Dark in the mountain's yawning side,
A cavern's mouth was seen,
Where once, (as knowing grandames tell,)
A warlock used the powerful spell—
Thence called the wizard's den.

Within, a feeble fountain's play,
From forth the granite roof found way,
In slow and measured fall,
Could mark a lonely hermit's time,
Or with its soft, melodious chime,
Invite repose withal.

In front, upon the sloping steep,
Night fairies still their vigils keep,
Mid spangled flowrets playing ;
The wild goat and the mountain deer
The verdant sward had shaven there,
In early courses straying.

The drooping birch and poplar tall,
Mix with the oak their branches small,
And weeping willows nod ;
The hawthorn and arbutus shed
Their blossomed snows and berries red,
To gem the sparkling sod.

But Nature in her fairest dress,
Must seek the tranquil heart to bless—
He views her charms in vain,
Whose every active power of soul,
Yields to one thought without control,
And that—one thought of pain.

He that has loved, (and he alone,
The wildered, nameless joy has known,)
Beneath what charm can tell,
We stray through scenes by passion dight
In well remembered past delight,
And fancy's powerful spell.

Yet tedious were the tale, where nought
That greets the eye but claims a thought,
By Mem'ry's hand impressed ;
Where feared we once, again we fear,
Where joyed, enjoy as lively there,
As when we first were blest.

Oh ! hard it were to number all
That Dunliff's chequered woods recall
To CATHMOR's busy mind !
Though short delay his speed allows,
Fond thought in such succession flows,
As leaves all speech behind.

Like feeling now the CATHMOR found,
As light he turned his courser round,
And fled with careless eye
The magic cell and sacred shade,
That oft his steps in chase delayed
To own its witchery.

Nor did he turn one branch aside,
To seek where DESMOND'S bloodhounds hide ;

For much he feared, his wrath
The hated sight again would rouse,
And some dread act of vengeance cause
To break his plighted oath.

With speed renewed, his courser spurns
The sod, nor once again he turns,
'Till near, his gladsome eye
Old Dunliff's Gothic pile descries,
Whose venerable towers arise
Amid the azure sky.

The veteran warder knew full well
The chieftain's echoing bugle swell
That oft had smote his ear :
The portals wide he gladly threw,
While, for the youth he loved so true,
He breathed a soldier's prayer.

In happy hour, the knight I trow,
Arrived to guard the maid from wo,
By fav'ring Fortune guided :
One short-lived moment's dread delay
Had marred the bliss of many a day—
The lovers' fate decided.

For lo! within the castle gate,
The suite prepared, the maidens wait,
Arrayed the palfreys stand ;
And MALGA, fresh as morning ray,
Already mantled for the way,
Leads forth her vestal band.

Loud through the court his falchion rang,
As lightly from his horse he sprang
And clasped the wond'ring fair
Deep-blushing, to his ardent breast :
"Thou'rt safe!" he cried—"Kind heaven be blest,
That makes thy fate its care!

And whilst with trembling heart she hears
The tale, alternate, smiles and tears
 Usurp their transient sway ;
And many a grateful prayer to heaven
Ascends, that such a friend had given
 To guard life's dangerous way.

We mean not here, in lyric measure,
To sing what sparkling tide of pleasure
 Beamed in the CATHMOR's eye ;
Nor venture we each thought to trace,
That decked his MALGA's wond'ring face
 With tint of roseate die.

Less arduous the task we find,
The sorrows of a gen'rous mind
 To paint in poesy,
When Hope and Fear their flutt'ring wings
Sweep o'er our harp's responsive strings,
 To grace its minstrelsey,

Than to portray the lover's bliss—
That buoyant flow of happiness
That swells the raptured heart,
As Confidence resumes her seat
Within the breast, and Love and Fate
Their twofold joys impart.

'Tis then we feel how weak is speech
To utter all our thoughts could reach—
'Tis then we learn how faint,
The various movements of the soul
Beneath love's perfect, chaste control,
Are words alone to paint :

Yet still, as summer-dreams of peace
Each troubled feeling bid to cease,
And brighten all around,
In dearest interchange of mind
The hours glide by, nor leave behind
One thought or word, that breath of wind
Could sully with its sound.

The cloud which hoary time at last,
Sheds o'er the works of ages past,
Hangs on the Muse's theme :
O grant her penetrating eye
May pierce the dark and misty sky,
Led by ethereal flame !

May call to view the deeds of old—
And though the hero's form lies cold,
Nor treads this busy stage ;
Yet shall her loud, recording string
Again his fading honors bring,
To swell the minstrel page !

But while she mourns the fallen brave,
And weeps o'er Virtue's sacred grave,
Or pours their requiem high,
Her tears shall blot Dishonor's name
For ever from the rolls of fame,
To sink in dread obscurity.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

MORNI.

CANTO THIRD.

INTRODUCTION

TO

CANTO THIRD.



FROM whence this ray of light which dawns around !
And whence this pleasing harmony of sound,
Which thrills through every nerve, expands the heart,
And charms the lonely hour with magic art ?
Engendered where ? In intellectual fire ?
Or the pure offspring of the muse's lyre,
Whose inspirative soul inflames the mind,
High o'er the eagle soars, leaves worlds behind,
Outstrips the arrow in its airy flight,
Or treads the regions of unfathomed night,
Sweeps round the world in gen'rous search of fame,
Glory its guide—the Universe its theme ?

O thou whose magic influence I own,
Weave o'er my mind thy talismanic zone !
Thou who canst hold the ills of life at bay,
Attend—attend me on my devious way !

Where distant groves in gay luxuriance smile,
I oft have wandered from the sainted Isle,
And with my harp have fondly loved to stray,
Or waste in flowery meads the sultry day ;
Reclined beneath some lone-sequestered bower,
Have given to fancy all the vacant hour—
Caught murm'ring sounds, on breathing Zephyr borne,
As light he wantoned o'er the waving corn :
But sought in vain amid the shade, for rills
That murmured soft as those on Carah's hills :
Have wooed the music of the feathered throng,
But ne'er enraptured by the woodland song
Have been, as wont my native dells among ;
Nor found one joy while destined thus to roam,
That rivalled once—the blissful thought of home ;

And sighing, hoped beneath her varied sky
Once more to list her mountain melody.
Erin! What ties have bound me to thy soil!
Of which, nor time nor absence can despoil
This faithful heart; not rolling years can tear
That source of bliss my bosom holds so dear!
Land! where I learned pure friendship's charm to know—
Land! where with love my heart was taught to glow—
Land! where with thee, my friend, I first began
To feel the innate dignity of man;
Where first with thee, the sacred path I trod,
That bade my soul adore and know its God;
And where, victorious in the dubious strife,
I rose superior to the ills of life;
Beneath my fate submissive bowed, and felt
That Mercy's hand each chast'ning blow had dealt!
The chain that links to thee my grateful mind,
No hand shall sever, and no power unbind!
Could fleeting moments damp the patriot's fire,
Man were a flame, but kindled to expire!

o

Could aught extinguish in the human breast
This noblest passion, on the soul imprest—
Man were a wretch unworthy to be blest.
Then ill betide the false of heart, who claim
The honors due the patriotic name,
Who, reckless of their country's wo or weal,
Her cause betray, and all her wrongs entail;
By discord urged, by selfish hopes incited,
Behold unmoved, her children disunited;
Relentless view old Scotia's* sorrows flow—
Her once green olive, blighted, crushed, laid low;
Nor weep to see such fierce, internal strife,
Her vitals rend, and drain each source of life!
Then ill betide the false of heart, who claim
The honors due the patriot's hallowed name!

* At an early period, Ireland, from the Iberian Scots, was called Scotia. In the eleventh century, the government of the Picts in Scotland was destroyed. The Picts, a colony from us, were reunited to Ireland. Then it was that Scotland, formerly called Albania, first received the denomination of Scotia Minor, to distinguish it from which, this kingdom was called Scotia Major.—See Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology.

Land of my fathers! Parent of the brave!
No more let discord stain thy soil, that gave
The brilliant crown of time-enduring fame,
Its brightest gem—O! WELLINGTON, thy name!
Where gleams on high his warrior star, whose loss
We timeless mourn—lamented, gallant ROSS!
Bedewed by many a hardy veteran's tear,
Thy grave as hallowed ground, shall foes revere!
Ierne, reckless of her laurels won,
Shall ceaseless mourn thy fall—her gallant son!
And Glory, weeping o'er thy sacred moss,
Shall give to Fame, thy worth—immortal ROSS!
Nor less conspicuous on her brow displayed,
The HUTCHINSON, the BERESFORD and MEAD,
Whose deeds, whilst minstrel harp affords one string,
With MOIRA's, GRANT's and COLE's, shall echoing
ring!

Then cease! Ye brands of civil discord cease!
O grant the land of mighty spirits—peace!
Whose conqu'ring sons have ploughed the briny wave,
And doomed the tyrant* to a living grave;

* Napoleon Buonaparte.

Have roused the slumb'ring regions of the north,
And called their warriors fierce to battle forth ;
Have led Britannia's councils—yea ! and blessed
With freedom, laws and peace—a world oppressed !
Then cease !—Thou voice of civil discord cease !
Within thy tortured bosom, Scotia—peace !
Come then thou dear inspiring guide, once more
O Muse, my spirits' wonted calm restore !
And when the day-star in the western sky,
Gives Erin's glories* to our wishful eye,
Attend me where the wildly foaming tide
Groans to the rocks on Grampia's rugged side ;
Then, where my heart's allied, direct my hand,
And let me bless thy shores—my native land !
Or when contemplative my fancy strays
Amidst heroic scenes of ancient time,
When hoary bards, enraptured, sung the praise
Of Morni's warrior chiefs—then swell my lays,
And be as wont, the guardian of my rhyme !

* This introduction was written during the Author's absence from his native country.

MORNI.

CANTO THIRD.

A LIGHT was seen on Morni's tower,
Wide summoning her warlike power—
Fierce were the rays it shed ;
A sound was heard upon the gale—
It rolled along like thunder peal,
And murmured vengeance dread.—

Again that fearful blast was given—
It swept the dusky arch of heaven—
From many a slumb'ring eye
Scared the blessed vision of the night,
'Till balmy Sleep, with wild affright,
Outspread his pinions broad for flight,
And sought for rest on high.

It was not sure the hour of day,
When men are used to chase away
 Their pillow's tranquil guest;
And yet was heard within the hall,
The armour's clang—'twas uproar all—
For gallant CATHMOR's bugle call
 Had burst the bonds of rest.

The martial host on Morni's plain,
Heard joyfully the warlike strain—
 Glad tidings to their ear;
For well they loved, in hard-fought field,
The falchion bright or lance to wield,
 And poise the pond'rous spear.

With bold alacrity they clasp
Their bucklers strong, then firmly grasp
 The polished brand or bow;
Obedient to their chief they stand,
The glory of their native land
 And terror of the foe.

Responsive to the martial call,
The war-horse, weary of his stall,
 Pawed fierce his heath-piled bed ;
Not more reluctant he to hear
The trumpet's clang and crash of spear,
 Than man, to battle bred.

Surrounded by his warrior train,
Lord CATHMOR stands : his noble mien,
 Majestic brow, and form
Of lofty Herculean mould,
His spirit dauntless, firm and bold,
An eye that ne'er on fame looked cold,
 And heart to glory warm,

Mark' well the chief—whose weighty arm
Falls on the foe like thunder storm,
 Asserting Honor's laws :
He stands the advocate of truth—
Of beauty too—and love forsooth,
 He deems will aid his cause.

But who that viewed that eye of flame,
(As quick the flush of anger came,)
Would deem it e'er had beamed
With passion's softest, purest ray—
Or melting at the minstrel's lay,
In pensive sadness streamed :

Yet, when misfortune smote his friend,
Its tear of sympathy could lend
A balm to sooth his wo ;
And Dunlift's maiden knew full well
The tale of love that eye could tell,
When sorrow ceased to flow.

Now resting on their trusty swords,
Th' attentive host receive his words,
That keen, incentive flow :
“ Brave followers in arms ! ”—he cries,
“ On you the fate of Morni lies !
“ We war this day for no mean prize—
“ Falls CATHMOR—or the foe ! ”

A thousand brands the warriors rear,

A thousand voices rend the air—

 Their plumes are tossed on high.

“ Long shall the CATHMOR be our guide—

“ We fall or conquer by his side—

 “ On !—On to victory !”

As loud their acclamations rolled

Along the vale, the CATHMOR told

 His grateful joy, elated ;

The manly flow of honest pride

His youthful cheek, spontaneous died—

 By well earned praise created.

O! where lord DESMOND now your spies,

Accustomed long in lurking guise

 To shun the light of day?

Where now those engines of thy wrath,

Designed to trace the foeman's path,

 And seize thy destined prey?

P

Slept they so sound on mountain heath,
As not to hear the blast of death
That Morni's chieftain wound?
Could not their bands afford one eye
To mark the flame that blazed on high
And summoned all around?

For once, thine agents dark and dread,
By some benignant spirit led,
Have missed their wonted aim;
Or false of heart, as even thou!
They willingly forego their vow,
And weary of thy sway, e'en now
Are glorying in thy shame.

High o'er the Eastern world, the Sun
His morn and evening course had run
With vivifying sway;
Had traversed many a desert shore
And cultivated region o'er,
To bless them with his ray:

Now sought again his fav'rite Isle,
(Ierne's emerald front,) to smile
In lengthened streams of light;
And chase the mists of earliest dawn,
That lingered yet o'er vale and lawn—
Dank followers of night:

And as he rose, before his car
Fled crescent moon and silver star;
While twilight's murky shade
Reluctantly resigned its reign
O'er Morni's variegated plain,
And wrapt in vapour—fled.

Along whose wood-clad mountain's side,
A cavalier is seen to ride,
The rowels in his courser's side
Stain deep his glossy brown:
At Laughlin's gate, that gallant steed
And horseman brave, have checked their speed—
CORMAC declares the war decreed,
And throws the gauntlet down.

"Now, wily chief!"—the youth exclaims,

"In mortal combat prove your claims

"To Dunlift's beauteous maid!

"But no!—Thine arm in single fight,

"Dares not encounter Morni's knight,

"Nor brave his tempered blade!

"Then chieftain haste! Thy hardy train

"Quick summon to th' embattled plain—

"Thou'lt need a valiant band!

"For vengeance on the tempest rides,

"And CATHMOR comes with hasty strides—

"So speaks his dread command!"

The warder at the entry stood,

A man of brave but gentle mood—

Well pleased the youth he eyed,

While marv'ling that so slight a form

Should thunder forth the battle's storm,

And thus unmoved, replied:

" 'Tis pity, youth, thy lavish breath
" Were wasted here—the work of death
" Has long ere this begun ;
" Before yon Sun has veiled his light,
" That western star—that lady bright,
" Shall bless the arms of Laughlin's knight,
" In bloody conflict won !

" When late returning from the glen,
" He yester'night his weary men
" Had led, nor quarry found ;
" And disappointment fanned the fire
" Of jealousy and fierce desire—
" His hatred knew no bound :

" Wild curses he at CATHMOR hurled—
" The blood-stained banner wide unfurled—
" And thrice the war-call blew ;
" Yet while it lingered on the gale
" That sighed o'er Laughlin's peaceful vale,
" His heart was faint, his cheek was pale—
" He loves not death to view !

“ Not negligent of war or toil,
“ Did Laughlin’s hardy sons recoil,
“ Or listless hear the blast ;
“ Brave, though oppressed, they love the earth
“ That gave their good forefathers birth—
“ Yet deem they him of little worth
“ Whom fate their chief has cast.

“ They hold it base, that murder foul
“ Should ever stain their leader’s soul ;
“ And oft do they lament
“ The day that gave their native land
“ To one whose fierce, yet coward hand
“ On darksome deed is bent.

“ Long have they fought for Laughlin’s soil—
“ But churlish of their blood and toil,
“ For him they deem so base,
“ Reluctantly in causeless strife,
“ They stay the tide of foeman’s life—
“ In such inglorious chase !

" 'Tis hard to stand in battle fray,

" Deprived of that inspiring ray

" That still each doubt removes :

" A soldier's arm is half unnerved,

" When he who points the blow has swerved,

" Or carelessly the path preserved

" That spotless Honor loves.

" Myself, (though loath to boast,) in faith,

" Have oft-times trod the field of death—

" Yet—By my soul! I scorn

" In secret ambuscade to lie—

" That—not the coward fear to die,

" Detained me here this morn!

" Then gallant warrior—hence! Away!

" 'Tis needless longer to delay,

" Lord DESMOND tarries not to-day

" Within his fortress hall."

Young CORMAC turns his courser fleet,

Anxious the promised foe to meet,

Where fame and duty call.

Through lonesome glen and trackless way,
The DESMOND leads his fierce array,
Shunning the beaten path;
Enjoying still his ruthless dream
Of spoil, he fords the mountain stream—
Unslaked, his fœv'rish wrath.

Whilst MURDOCH by his side, drags on
His pond'rous spear, whose weight alone
Might damp a foeman's spirit;
For clansman yet had scarce been found,
Whose single arm could wield around
That brand of tempered merit.

On, on they march—each sullen eye
Now cheerless views the mountain high
That screens their destined prey;
Its sombre height and shade around,
According with the gloom profound
That hangs o'er Mornii's foemen, bound
On deeds of treachery.

Mid the repose that lingered here,
Each footfall gave a sound of fear,
In those drear haunts a stranger;
Th' unusual din of armour clang
That through the echoing cavern rang,
Foretold impending danger.

Its dark recess the owlet grey
Forsook, and braved the glare of day;
High from the mountain's brow
The eagle scanned the plodding route,
And mocked them with his proudest shout
That trod so far below.

As DESMOND cursed their scream affrighting,
A raven on his helmet lighting,
Thrice croaked its luckless note.
"What though the Saint has warned the maid,
"She sends thy coil in vain!" he said,
As its dusk plume he smote.

Yet, judged we by thy altered mien,
'That sudden start of inward pain,
We would not deem it heard in vain,
Thou dark, dissembling man!
No fearless joy, the Muse believes,
Beneath thy heart's deep cov'ring lives,
Could we its foldings scan.

No—not in vain! For conscience speaks,
And armed with more than thunder, breaks
The sad, foreboding cry:
That look of pride around thee flung,
But ill conceals how deep has stung
Thy soul's black augury.

Communing thus, there strode along
Two veterans of the armed throng,
Who oft had bravely served
Their former lord, in glorious fray,
When clans contending, fought for sway,
Nor yet from honor swerved:

“ Not thus—(the veteran soldier said,)

“ Not thus his noble father led

“ His vassals to the conflict dread—

“ O! how his princely heart

“ Would swell with stern, indignant grief,

“ To see his son, like midnight thief,

“ Act such a dastard part!

“ Long have I marked the wayward boy—

“ From infancy his earliest joy

“ On mischief centred still:

“ His gallant sire would oft lament

“ His stubborn fancy’s evil bent,

“ Foreboding future ill.

“ Scarce had the urchin learned to crawl

“ From knee to knee, through Laughlin’s hall,

“ ’Till scorned each gentler tie;

“ A redbreast once, benumbed with frost,

“ For shelter sought—his path it crossed—

“ The luckless bird he grasped—and tossed

“ Its breathless form on high.

- " In riper years, (I note it well,)
 " One prank he played—a fend of hell
 " Such pastime scarce had planned !
 " Young DERMOT, (bless the kindly youth !
 " The very counterpart of Truth,
 " And stamped by Honor's hand,)

 " As playmate to our chieftain's heir
 " He lived, yet recked he not the snare
 " His base companion laid ;
 " When sporting near the lake one day,
 " The wily stripling led the way
 " To where the sloping margin lay,
 " Beneath the willowed shade.

 " Behold, (he cried) how fair thy face,
 " That still is wont our hall to grace,
 " What beauty decks thy form !
 " Unwary DERMOT stooped to view—
 " Prone in the deep lord DESMOND threw
 " The youth—I saw the deed, and flew
 " To rescue him from harm :

" Half drowned and feeble, drenched all o'er,

" My fainting charge I drew to shore,

 " And chid the urchin's joy :

" With laughter loud, in merry peals,

" He swore, meet banquet for the eels

 " He meant the precious boy.

" But deed of deadliest die ('tis said),

" Around his guilty soul has shed

 " Remorse, in later years ;

" The tale would make thy heart's blood chill,

" Nor dare I speak it audible—

 " Such horrid garb it wears.

" 'Twas whispered 'mongst the guard last night,

" Some spectre foul had crossed his sight

 " Within the wizard's den,

" As forth with pallid cheek he sprung,

" And mixed his followers among,

 " Cursing Saint Ida's glen.

"Methinks the lady MALGA now,
"Does well to scorn his proffered vow
"And bless some gentler knight;
"For, by Saint Patrick it were shame
"To cast away so fair a dame
"On such a luckless wight!

"If aught prophetic e'er could dwell
"In soldier's heart, and whisp'ring tell
"Of mortal field—of battle yell—
"Could Banshee, wildly singing,
"Bring fate unveiled to this sad breast—
"Its cares will soon be laid at rest,
"And humbled many a haughty crest,
"Ere vesper bell be ringing."

Arrived at where the mount was riven,
As if by thunder-stroke of heaven,
Each lab'ring nerve they strain;
That chasm rude had Nature spread
With rocks stupendous, wild and dread—
A barrier to the plain:

And still their pointed surface o'er,
Loud dashed the torrents deaf'ning roar,
In bleak confusion all :
Unheeded here the foxes prowled,
Unheard the wolves at midnight howl—
So deep the cascade's fall.

But few had braved the torrent's wrath,
Or dared to trace that doubtful path—
So dark and steep it lay;
The thorny bramble thwart its course
Obtruding, scarce left room to force
A single foeman's way.

Fatigued and weary of their toil
Nor certain of the plenteous spoil
Their chief has sworn to make,
They heavily pursue their way,
While many a gallant plume is prey
To the rude genius of the brake.

As CORMAC urged with added speed,
Along the mountain's brow his steed,
His wary glances fell
Direct on DESMOND'S glitt'ring spear,
That served to mark their fierce career
Towards Morni's wooded dell.

"Now, by Columba's sainted shade,"
The youth exclaimed, "thy plans are laid
"Full well, thou wily lord!
"But fit reception thou shalt meet
"On Morni's plain, our swords shall greet
"With warm salute thy gaudy suite—
"I pledge a soldier's word!"

Then down the rough descent he hied,
And soon regained the valley wide
With martial splendour decked;
Awhile he claimed their patient ear,
Then loud proclaimed the conflict near—
But CATHMOR'S upraised arm and spear
Their shouts of triumph checked.

Around the chieftain eager stand
The leaders of each gallant band,
His mandates to receive ;
To all their various posts assigned,
He bids (as if for sport designed,)
A chosen train remain behind,
The foe in doubt to leave.

Westward of Morni's mountain stream,
Impervious to the mid-day beam,
A forest reared its crest ;
Beneath whose dark and dubious shades,
The forces brave O'DONNEL leads,
Await their chief's behest.

Near to the rude cleft's entrance wide,
A ruined abbey stood beside,
Beyond whose mould'ring walls,
MAGALL's unerring bowmen lie
Prepared their iron war to fly,
When CATHMOR's death-note calls.

R

Where rose a Danish mount to view,
The chief attended by a few
Brave knights, in pastime light
Appeared—in mimic war they ride,
Or hover near, or scatter wide,
As unprepared for fight.

In bold suspense the archers wait,
Oft rest the arrow in its seat,
And mark the pregnant way :
O'DONNEL's spearmen eager glance
To where the secret foe advance,
And curse their long delay.

But soon the underwood is seen
To part, while plumes and spears between,
Announce the hostile train ;
Forerunner of the threatened wrath,
Dark MURDOCH's bulk of giant growth
Stalks fierce upon the plain.

As tiger, couching in his den,
Marks the approach of lonely men,
Then courts th' unequal war;
So DESMOND, when the field he viewed,
Thus guarded slight, emboldened stood
And triumphed from afar.

Wide o'er the plain, tumultuous spread
The host, like wintry torrent sped,
Bursting its native banks;
His blood-red banner waved o'erhead,
And threatened scath and ruin dread
To Morni's slender ranks.

But lightsome beamed the CATHMOR's eye,
As the armed flood drew foaming nigh,
In wild, confused array;
His pulse, at Glory's call, beat high—
It promised fame and victory
Should grace his brow that day.

Then raised aloft the chief his lance,
Marked by each straggling warrior's glance,
The ensign of recall :
Collecting one by one, they stand,
A close, consolidated band—
Firm as a rampire wall.

Still confident, the foe pursue
Their furious route, with hurried view
Each meditates his blow :
Their arrows smite the troubled air,
And but for shields' and bucklers' care,
And cuirass strong, brave knights, I fear,
Your plumes had drooped too low !

For rapid flew the hissing darts,
Commissioned for their gallant hearts,
That fatal else had proved ;
But near the Scandinavian hill,
Undaunted, they with warlike skill
Received the storm, unmoved.

Again, dark MURDOCH's yew was bent—

A messenger of death it sent

That cleft the CATHMOR's plume ;

And buried in O'GORMAN's breast,

Gave his brave spirit to the blest,

And sealed the veteran's doom.

“ Hence ! With your kindred dust reside—

“ Meet food for worms ! (he vaunting cried,)

“ Nor ever at your chieftain's side

“ Resume your favoured post !

“ Whom MURDOCH dooms from life to sever,

“ O'er him the bird of death may hover !”—

So proud the caitiff's boast.

The chief beheld his kinsman slain,

And mourned him prostrate on the plain—

Then roused his soul to ire ;

Indignantly he sought the bow,

Whose shaft had laid O'GORMAN low,

Nor stayed the vengeance dire.

No winged dart from CATIMOR flew—
His pond'rous lance he whirling threw
With agile force, and aim so true,
That MURDOCH's corselet rung,
And parting, gave the iron guest
Admittance to his ample chest—
Nor shaft again he flung.

But e'er his lips for ever closed,
His murky soul its bent disclosed,
While stretched upon the plain ;
To wrath he gave its latest vent,
Wild curses on the arm that sent
The fatal steel his breast-plate rent—
He poured in horrid strain.

Blanched grew the cheek of Laughlin's chief,
And heavily, his eye with grief
Beheld his champion fall ;
For MURDOCH, though of ruffian mould,
Whene'er his chieftain's voice controlled,
Or right, or wrong, undaunted, bold,
Had still obeyed his call.

By nature, firm, unfeeling, hard,
His confidence inspired his lord,
Whom hasty passion fired :
As flame that sudden blast draws forth,
Dies with the breath that gave it birth,
His courage now expired.

From CATHMOR's few, an iron shower
Repelled awhile the adverse power,
Where tumult wild was seen ;
For prostrate lie the helm and plume,
The archer's eye has sunk in gloom,
By lance and arrow keen.

Roused by the slaughter of his clan
And dread dismay that palsying ran
Throughout his host, aloud
Lord DESMOND called, to crush the band
That still poured death from bow and brand,
Amongst his frightened crowd.

Then snatched his banner from the hand

That disobeyed the stern command

To lead his followers on :

Loud 'gainst his shield his falchion rung,

As forth with gesture wild he sprung

To head the wavering throng.

Despair and love of life supplied

The ardour that the cause denied,

And turned the ebbing flood ;

Their hopes renewed, resolved to die,

Or grasp revenge and victory—

They charge in desperate mood.

Now heaven defend thee, valiant chief !

And send thy cuirassiers relief !

Grant that thy summons keen and brief,

Light on O'DONNELL's ear !

Good Fortune nerve and guide thine arm !

For furious drives the whirlwind storm

That threats thy conq'ring spear !

The CATHMOR's war-call, loud and shrill,
Rang fearfully from hill to hill :

Soon from the greenwood shade
Fleet answer came, and spear and brand,
And banner, at the dread command,
Moved to their chieftain's aid.

As wound his bugle louder still,
O'DONNELL's warhoop answered shrill—
To DESMOND's heart it boded ill;
Instinctively he raised
His eye upon the fronting mound,
From whence arose the dubious sound,
And tremulously gazed.

"Soldiers, come on! We only see
The wind bestir the rowan tree—
Dastards advance! The blaze—
The flash upon the crowned hill's top—
'Tis but the last night's bright rain drop
Reflects the morning rays!"

Oh chief! a veil is o'er thine eyes!

And Hope, with idle mockeries,

Deceives thy heart of pride!

As lava from the crater's brow,

It rises, rushes, flames, and now

Teems o'er the mountain's side!

On rolls the living tide of war

That spreads destruction wide and far

Through DESMOND'S host confounded;

Awhile they bravely stand—they reel—

Again resolved, they charging wheel—

Now breast to breast, and steel to steel

They close, by death surrounded.

But, ever brave O'DONNELL'S force,

Unbroken, stays their hurried course,

With fearful odds contending;

Though many a hostile eye is closed,

Still treble numbers stand opposed

To Morni's front unbending.

The falchion of her gallant knight
Gleams all conspicuous in the fight—

His foemen bite the dust :
Who singly dares to brave the skill
Of CATHMOR'S arm invincible,
Consigns his spear to rust !

The green sward died with human gore,
Has proved how keen his bright claymore—
Yet still is heard the conflicts roar,

With groans of wounded dying :
The field is scattered o'er with slain,
And shields and broken spears between,
In mingled heaps are lying.

The sickle there, of many a flower,
Has timeless closed the short-lived hour

That promised sweet withal ;
The sedge-girt stream, green laughing-laving,
No more shall see their blossoms waving,
But weep their early fall !

Along its silent banks lamenting,
Shall maidens mourn, their anguish venting,
 Their flowing ringlets tear ;
When moonbeams gild the rippling mirror,
Dim, falt'ring shades shall view with terror,
 And deem their spirits there.

Sudden the promised death-notes rung,
When from the abbey walls, up sprung
 The bowmen at a birth ;
At once the mould'ring ruin seemed
As if each stone with life had teemed,
 To send an archer forth.

As clouds upborne on sultry gale,
The sun's bright beams awhile conceal,
Then burst with awful thunder peal,
 Shedding dismay and death ;
As storms that unexpected rise
To weary trav'lers frightened eyes,
 Seem charged with tenfold wrath :

So, darkly now and rapid fly
MAGALL's fleet-winged artillery,
'Till heaven is veiled from every eye
That seeks it from beneath :
So, dread surprise, unlooked-for lower,
New horrors lend the ruthless shower
That crowns the sanguinary hour
With ruin, wo and scath.

Confusion through the host is flowing,
Death's viewless sithe the war-ranks mowing,
Where frantic terrors run ;
'Till all subordination lost,
In flight the scattered bands are forced
The victor's sword to shun.

Like leaves in autumn, fiercely driven
Before the angry blast of heaven,
In wild disorder flying,
Some seek the shelt'ring forest nigh—
Some to the rugged mountains fly—
Hope in each bosom dying.

Whilst Victory and Death pursue,
And melting Pity weeps to view
Th' expiring clansman bid adieu
To scenes beloved afar;
For these—his country—children—wife—
Whilst feebly throbs the pulse of life,
Ascends his latest prayer.

The CATHMOR's javelin, betwixt
Dead MURDOCH's torpid lungs transfixed,
No longer lends its aid;
His sword, that oft in foeman's heart
Had furrowed deep, is flung apart—
A blunted, pointless blade.

The quiver, (of its store bereft,)
One solitary shaft has left:
The steel he grasps, to quell
By one decisive, timely blow,
The author of this scene of wo—
Then bid to war farewell.

The wind-tossed banner, waving high,
Gave to the warrior's eagle eye

Where Laughlin's chieftain fought :
Now just Revenge ! is heard thy call !
And where thy fatal shaft shall fall,
Sure mischief shall be wrought !

His bow, it bent—his aim was true—
The arrow to its point he drew—
Then forth with speed unwonted flew
The plumed, unerring dart ;
In DESMOND'S better side it sank,
There thirstily the life-blood drank—
And bade his soul depart.

Soon from his feeble grasp released,
His standard sinks to earth, disgraced ;
His falchion still to wield,
Each nerve relaxed, he strains in vain,
Deserted by his vanquished train,
He flies the mortal field,

And seeks alone the path he pressed

So haughtily, when late caressed

By Hope's fallacious smile :

Abandoned now to wild despair,

His groans load heavily the air

That fans his brow the while.

Deep in the darksome dell concealed,

The fainting, fev'rish chief bewailed

His luckless fate, and cursed

The agonizing steel he strove

Forth from his wound in vain to move—

It there was doomed to rust !

Where the rude torrent of the glen,

With endless strife, through brake and fen,

Still robed in misty spray,

Pursues its animated course,

With dread, ungovernable force

Adown the rugged way,

A rock stupendous rears beside,
Whose base immoveable, the tide
Sweeps, as it foaming flies;
Beneath whose overhanging brow,
Behold on earth how lowly now,
Dark Laughlin's chieftain lies!

Where, prostrate on the rocky shore,
He mingles with the cascade's roar
His loud laments, that mourn
The ills of this inglorious day,
The joys of pomp—of pride and sway—
That never shall return.

Unheeded pours the death strain now—
No pillow rests his cold, damp brow
Beneath the helm that throbs;
No half-responded groan, repressed,
Nor pitying ear to sooth, or list
His deep, convulsive sobs.

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Could aught of mortal wo atone
For deeds we shuddering look upon,

And falt'ring give a name ;
For youth in wayward folly wasted,
Parental hopes of honor blasted,
And loss of early fame ;

For innocence deceived, perverted,
Betrayed to ruin, then deserted ;

For Nature's dearest ties
And friendships torn, the page of life
All blotted o'er with horrors rife
And foul atrocities :

Oh ! 'tis an hour like this, when fades
All earthly hope, when mem'ry leads
In dreadful retrospect
The lengthened past before our eyes,
Where erst forgotten scenes arise
In all their terrors decked !

Was it the guardian of the flood
That mocked his wo with laughter loud,
Rejoicing in his fall?
Or injured shade upon the blast
That shrieked so fearful as it passed?
On DESMOND did it call?

Is it the spirit of the storm,
Whose light, fantastic, aerial form
Hangs o'er the dizzy steep,
That fixes now the chieftain's eye
In mad'ning gaze of misery,
That scorns to sigh or weep?

Hark! Hark! How sweet the wild notes ring!
How soft alas! their flight they wing,
Like saints from holy shrine!
Whose is the voice upon the gale?
Whose eye so wild? Whose cheek so pale?
Whose tresses on the wild breeze sail?
Ill-fated AGNES—thine!

As o'er the craggy height she hung,
And dismal laughed, and wildly sung,
Her vacant glances round were flung,
That seemed on nought to dwell;
But told that Reason had resigned
Her reign for aye, in AGNES' mind—
That Hope had sighed farewell.

On DESMOND, as he bleeding lay,
Benumbed by Horror's chill dismay,
Her looks bewildered fell;
The last faint ray of conscious light
Dawned on her dark, her mental night—
And burst Delusion's spell.

One shriek was heard—and Echo gave
The sound affrighted from the cave—
One plunge amid the foaming wave,
A moment scarce between!
Through Laughlin's vale—through Morni's glen—
Amongst the wilds of brake or fen—
The mountain maniac again
Was never heard, nor seen!

Oh DESMOND ! now what tortures ring
Thy breast, with agonizing sting,
Each harrowed thought enflame !
How vain thy wishes to recall
The deed accurst, that blighted all
The joys of dark-eyed THULON's hall,
And quenched his lonely beam !

What keen remorse within thy heart
Has planted its envenomed dart,
As spreads thy soul its wing to part
And track yon azure fields !
Oh ! say if all thy transient bliss,
For one dread hour of wo like this,
Meet compensation yields !

When ripe the moon—'tis nearest wane—
When full the tide—'twill ebb again
And leave a barren shore :
Thy latest beam will soon be past !
Thy tide of life is ebbing fast—
To flow again no more !

Thy sun, Oh chief! sets deep beneath
A darksome cloud!—Thy fleeting breath
Proclaims 'tis night!—The dews of death

Hang heavy on thy brow!
That eye that late with fury blazed,
Looks dimly wild!—it sinks—'tis glazed—
To heaven no suppliant look is raised!—
'Tis closed for ever now!

No mourning dirge, no funeral knell,
Nor tear, nor sigh, responds farewell!
No sacred anthem's hallowed swell,
With sad and awful tone,
Ascends to sooth his spirit fled—
He mingles with the silent dead,
Where sickly breezes moan!

No passing traveller can tell
The spot on which dark Laughlin fell!
No monumental stone,
Nor rude built cairne, nor grassy mound,
Points where the conquered smote the ground
And breathed his dying groan!

So shall the lost to virtue rest—

In life unloved, in death unblest!

No ling'ring hand to close

The vacant eye, nor tongue to boast

His worth—but scorned—deserted—lost—

Lie mingled with unhallowed dust,

In sullen, blank repose!

So let the dark in deed be laid

Beneath Oblivion's deepest shade!

Or if upreared his tomb,

A beacon o'er Destruction's coast,

To bark, on life's dread ocean tost—

Such be the tyrant's doom!

" Now whither, aged stranger say?

" Where do you wend your lonely way,

" Journeying wearily?

" Fatigue and want your footsteps press,

" And sorrowing years and wretchedness,

" Methinks weigh heavily.

" Thy lengthened beard and sunken eye,

" And pilgrim's garb of sober die

" Proclaim the pious vow;

" And but thou hast a veteran's mein,

" Thy wintry locks were fit, I ween,

" To grace a hermit's brow."

" The desert wild and flinty road,

" At burning noon, my feet have trod—

" The pilgrim's lot is mine;

" With heavy heart and bleeding scar,

" My fainting steps have journeyed far

" To seek Saint Ida's shrine.

“ When love of glory first enflamed
“ My youthful mind, I eager claimed
“ A soldier’s hard-earned meed :
“ Fool that I was !—A father’s prayers
“ And all the fond maternal fears
“ In vain were heard to plead !

“ My native fields I left afar,
“ And sought, mid distant scenes of war,
“ The prize of high renown ;
“ In Freedom’s cause, to battle led,
“ With Victory I fought and bled—
“ But never wore her crown.

“ The flame extinct that bright had burned—
“ Bankrupt to Erin’s shores returned,
“ In search of peace I roam ;
“ To move your pitying Saint to send
“ Relief, and all my sufferings end,
“ A suppliant I come.”

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“ Then pilgrim, rest thee here awhile,
“ And when to-morrow’s dawn shall smile,
“ Thy forward steps I’ll guide ;
“ Saint Ida’s altar thou shalt find—
“ ’Till then be every care resigned,
“ Nor my behest denied.

“ But Father ! first I’ll lead thee where
“ A living saint shall sooth thy care
“ And every want supply ;
“ A saint as good, as chaste and fair,
“ As ever bowed a hallowed ear
“ To list a penitential prayer,
“ Or plaint of misery !

“ Too rude am I in speech to dwell
“ On theme so pure, or portray well
“ A work so wond’rous rare ;
“ But when thou hast beheld her form,
“ Thou’lt say forsooth, (nor deem it harm,)
“ That heaven has summoned every charm
“ To mould her, passing fair.

" Our bravest warriors rejoice
" To hear her softly-flowing voice
" Still pour its melody ;
" And think their hardy toils o'erpaid,
" If one blessed smile from Dunlift's maid
" Reward their bravery.

" Their daughters, would our matrons chide
" For heedless fault, o'erweening pride,
" Or point the path to praise ;
" On her they dwell with fond delight,
" And bid them mark that star of light,
" And deck them with her rays.

" But stranger ! soon thyself shalt see
" This theme for bardic minstrelsey !
" At Dunlift's bounteous hand
" Meet cause of gratitude thou'lt find—
" Give then thy sorrows to the wind
" And join the festive band !"

“ Good youth, my thanks are due to thee

“ For this thy proffered courtesy,

“ Which Heaven will sure repay ;

“ For well I ween, in needful hour,

“ This feeble form has reached thy bower—

“ No longer meet to stray.

“ As mariner on boist'rous ocean

“ Distracted, whilst with fearful motion

“ His ship dismantled drives ;

“ At length in safety close embayed,

“ Grateful, with life-inspiring mead

“ His sinking soul revives.

“ Affrighted thus by Fortune frowning,

“ While Sorrow's stream each hope is drowning,

“ I'll seek thy peaceful dwelling ;

“ Or guided by thy friendly hand,

“ Within this hospitable land

“ Will rest, each grief dispelling.

“ But hark ! What joyous peals I hear !

“ What crowds in pageant garb draw near !

“ Proclaims it victory ?

“ Haply some festival is held,

“ And with glad shouts the gale is swelled

“ On sainted holyday.”

“ Father—methought ’twas noised afar

“ How Jealousy’s discordant jar

“ From hence, with din of civil war,

“ Had scared tranquillity ;

“ How gallant CATHMOR’s conquering spear

“ Had closed lord DESMOND’s fierce career—

“ His faithless enemy.

“ But Love has stayed the victor’s brand,

“ While peaceful olives o’er the land

“ Their wonted blessings shed,

“ And Harmony unites in one

“ The bands that late in armour shown,

“ Opposed in conflict dread.

“ Yon pendant (that upreared on high,
“ Proclaimed the work of vengeance nigh,
“ Or led to victory,)
“ Floats light upon the fitful wind,
“ The stranger’s pledge of welcome kind
“ And peaceful amity.

“ And now old Dunlift’s chief—e’en now
“ Has sealed fair MALGA’S nuptial vow ;
“ Around the CATHMOR’S manly brow
“ The hymeneal wreath
“ Is twined, while many a fervent prayer
“ To bless the consecrated pair,
“ Ten thousand grateful bosoms breathe.”

The harps that then, with gladsome string,
Made the wide halls of Morni ring
With many a tuneful lay
On CATHMOR’S bridal day—

The bards that struck the festal lyre
With bold, enthusiastic fire—
Their lofty theme—their vocal choir—
All—all—have passed away!
But though the wintry storm have riven
The oaks that spread their boughs to heaven,
From every hostile gale
To shelter Morni's vale;
Though time have rapid rolled along
And swept away her martial throng,
O still may Carah's minstrel song
O'er timeless storm prevail!
And Erin's sons, in bardic story,
Shall trace the rugged paths of glory;
From deeds of other days,
Sung in heroic lays—
Shall glean the seeds of virtue, truth,
That bloom in never-fading youth,
Upheld by deathless praise.

END OF MORNI.

THE
PILGRIM OF CARMEL,
AN EASTERN TALE.

IN ONE CANTO.

x

INTRODUCTION

20

THE PILGRIM OF CARMEL.

IF thou, dear MOINA! wilt peruse
This sad and artless tale,
And deign to hear my plaintive Muse
The ills of life bewail—

Should OZDA's fate survive the hour
In Mem'ry's faithful page,
Or this unstudied verse have power
Thy fancy to engage—

If thou wilt shed one sacred tear,
Or breathe one gentle sigh,
In pity o'er the hero's bier
And maiden's constancy—

If now thy sympathetic mind
From lively transport free,
To pensive story be inclined—
Then maid, I sing for thee!

RICHARD BENSON.

April 12, 1815.

THE PILGRIM OF CARMEL.

DREARY and cheerless blew the storm,
And cold the night-dews fell,
When **OEDA**'s fainting, wasted form
Approached Saint **ANDREW**'s cell.

A hermit wise and aged was he—
Far famed for many a deed
Of kind and gentle courtesy
And charitable meed.

The rich and proud he shunned with care—
Misfortune owned his art
To sooth the anguish of despair
And heal the wounded heart :

Nor e'er in vain the wretched sued,
Nor Want was there denied;
For Pity was the hermit's mood—
His soul with virtue was imbued,
And Reason was his guide.

In solitude and silence, free
From worldly care, he sought
To end in calm tranquillity
A life of anxious thought.

His was an heart of softest mould,
When suffering Virtue bled—
But firm in cause of truth, and bold
When Folly reared her head.

Matured, his judgment swayed his will,
And where young Fancy came—
There paused the Saint—the good and ill
To weigh with Wisdom's beam.

But counsel when from him it flew,
Came ever winged with peace,
Dipped in Affection's softest dew
And pitying gentleness.

By long experience taught to feel—
And mitigate by prayer—
The sorrows which he sought to heal
He seldom failed to share.

For well he knew or wisely guessed,
That sympathy had force
To cheer the mind by hope unblessed,
To sooth the heart by sorrow pressed,
And dry its bitter source.

In early years had grief suppressed
The tumults of his soul—
Had bowed the passions of his breast
To Reason's just control—

Had stripped his brow of every frown—
Had chastened every thought ;
And though misfortune weighed him down,
The hermit murmured not.

For wild ambition long had fled
Its mansion in his breast ;
There resignation reigned in stead,
And piety confessed.

The clouds that shaded o'er his brow—
That marked the man of wo,
Another's griefs occasioned now :
His own had ceased to flow.

For he had felt a parent's tie—
Had owned a kindred flame ;
But all had sought their native sky—
Had vanished like a dream.

And he was left on earth to mourn,

(A solitary oak,)

Smote by the blast, his branches torn,

Far distant by the tempest borne—

All but the stem was broke.

O'er mountain height and thorny bray,

A wild, sequestered road,

The weary pilgrim bent her way

To where the saint abode.

Washed by the ocean's foaming tide,

Half cradled in the flood,

Beneath Mount Carmel's lofty side

The lonely dwelling stood.

No couch voluptuous there was spread—

No soft, elastic pillow ;

The moss-grown rock SAINT ANDREW'S bed,

Lulled by the stormy billow.

Y

No banquet crowned his humble board—
No rich nectareous juice,
Nor treasure heaped his simple board—
All to the world had been restored
By Carmel's sage recluse.

Each plant nutritious, herb and fruit,
That wild, uncultured grew—
Each leaf medicinal, or root,
The good Saint ANDREW knew.

The fount that rose on Carmel's height,
That murmured down its side,
Whose lucid stream was pure and bright,
His frugal cup supplied.

The bee that hummed its little hour
With filmy sail outspread,
Its sportive thefts from Flora's store
In triumph here displayed.

Nor more the aged hermit claimed—

Enough to just supply

The ebbing tide of life that streamed,

Fast to its destiny.

Dark and more dreary still it grew,

Colder the night-dews fell ;

Louder the storm impetuous blew—

Saint ANDREW'S lamp appeared in view—

The pilgrim reached the cell.

Wan was her cheek and pale with care—

Lost was its vivid hue ;

Her golden locks dishevelled were,

And moist with evening dew.

The smile that once in dimples shone,

Like April's sunny hour,

Around the maiden's lip, had flown,

Scared by misfortune's lower.

Dim was her eye of azure blue,
Still drowned in Sorrow's tear;
For life presented nought to view,
The pilgrim's soul to cheer.

Poor OEDA was the child of wo—
Sad nursling of distress;
For ever doomed on earth to know
The pang of bitterness.

Tired of the world's unfeeling scorn,
Enfeebled by its smart,
She vainly strove to pluck the thorn
That rankled in her heart.

No fostering hand had sought as yet
To mitigate its rage;
No faithful friend had OEDA met
To counsel or assuage.

To see such loveliness decay
So soon, to bloom no more,
Would move a heart of stubborn clay,
And bend it to sweet Pity's sway,
Though never felt before !

“ Fair daughter of affliction tell,”
(The good old hermit said,)
“ What sorrow in thy youth befel,
“ What ill hath bound thee in its spell,
“ And why those tears are shed.

“ Have friends betrayed or Friendship failed
“ And faithless strayed from thee ?
“ Or has ingratitude entailed
“ Its poignant misery ?

“ Or say, has Heaven in its dread wrath,
“ For some unhallowed deed,
“ With adverse fortune strewed thy path
“ And made thy bosom bleed ?

“ And yet methinks a form so fair,
“ Should happily enshrine
“ No thought that guilt could ever share,
“ Nor harbour wayward fancy there,
“ To mar the work divine.”

Before the reverend man she bowed,
Her soul with grief oppressed ;
And as his words relief bestowed,
She thus the saint addressed :

“ Oh father ! in my early bloom
“ A milder fate I knew !
“ But every joy has found a tomb—
“ Has bid a long adieu !

“ Ere half my spring of life was fled,
“ Had fortune disappeared,
“ And all were numbered with the dead,
“ Whom most my soul revered !

“ Erewhile, as careless as the lamb

“ That rests beneath the shade,

“ Or sports around its fleecy dam,

“ Nor dreads the fatal blade ;

“ Blithe as the lark that soars on high,

“ At dawn of early day,

“ And carols through the azure sky,

“ Or basks in summer ray :

“ So, joyous once in morn of life,

“ Of calm content possest,

“ A stranger to the world’s dark strife

“ Was OEDA’s infant breast :

“ So, peaceful rolled the hours away,

“ In halcyon pleasure blest,

“ ’Till human discord spread dismay,

“ And scared the tranquil guest.

" When Europe o'er the eastern world

" Poured forth her iron flood,

" The standard of the cross unfurled—

" To Mussulmans defiance hurled

" And died our fields with blood :

" When royal RICHARD's Albion force,

" Armed in the cause divine ;

" And PHILIP's proud, embattled horse,

" Hard fought for Palestine :

" When MAHOMET his crescent reared,

" And roused the Syrian band :

" When SALADIN his falchion bared,

" By infidels their chief declared—

" Sworn foe to Holy Land :

" Then, War and Devastation spread

" Their horrid influence round—

" Then, tens on tens of thousands bled,

" And Peace the beauteous valley fled,

" Where OEDA's home was found.

" Near Cesarea's lofty walls

" My father's mansion stood,

" The pride of old Judea's halls,

" Washed by the briny flood.

" There, hospitable Plenty reigned,

" And Peace was ever found ;

" No crimes had yet our annals stained,

" Nor felt was Sorrow's wound.

" No weary traveller that drew

" Near to BALHAMA's door,

" Was ever heard in vain to sue,

" Nor e'er dissatisfied withdrew,

" To curse his plenteous store.

" All ostentatious pomp and pride,

" Unwelcome, thence were driven ;

" The wealth that flowed in ample tide,

" Contentment, spread on every side,

" In gratitude to heaven.

- " A hoary man my father was,
 " With years and wisdom crowned ;
" His heart was with the Christian cause—
" His life, obedient to its laws—
 " His soul, to honour bound.
- " Unwearied, he from early life
 " The path of fame pursued ;
" Strong was his arm to yield relief—
" Yet never drew the sword of strife,
 " Save for his country's good.
- " A warrior bold, that still reclined
 " On Glory's sacred throne,
" Around whose brow had Fame entwined
" The wreath, that Victory designed
 " Should decorate her own.
- " Three gallant youths of noble mien,
 " Fresh as the morning ray,
" Did long BALHAMA's age sustain,
" Blessing his mild, domestic reign,
 " Through life's unclouded day.

" Loving, and loved, supremely blessed

" In her who shared his joys—

" In one whom every grace caressed—

" The gentle partner of his breast

" And mother of his boys :

" Whose soft and winning virtues threw

" A mild, but steady beam,

" Reflecting back the rays they drew,

" And gracing with a brighter hue,

" The chieftain's honoured name.

" So chaste, so permanent their love—

" Their friendship so combined,

" That time had never power to move,

" Nor cause one secret sigh to rove

" From hearts so fondly twined.

" But fate had willed them evil hours—

" A dark, tempestuous day ;

" The glory of BALHAMA'S bowers—

" His fairest plants—his sweetest flowers,

" Were doomed to fade away.

“ And I, (ill-fated wanderer now !)

“ Survivor of them all,

“ The latest pledge of ZELMA's vow,

“ Have lived to see their overthrow,

“ And mourn their hapless fall.

“ Shades of my sainted parents, come !

“ Relieve this loaded breast !

“ Or call me to the silent tomb,

“ This aching head to rest !

“ Oh ! hermit bear awhile with me—

“ A little longer bear

“ The mournful plaint of misery !

“ The wand'rings of despondency,

“ In soft compassion spare !

“ As oft the story I relate,

“ And call past scenes to view,

“ The blessings of my former state,

“ Comparing with my present fate,

“ The ills of life renew.

" When MALEK, terrible in fight,

" Foe to the Christian cause—

" Asserter of the Pagan right,

" And champion of its laws :

" When he on Arzoph's plain, waved high

" His ensign of command,

" Then ALLAH, ACHBAR, rent the sky—

" The Saracenes repeat the cry

" And charge the Christian band.

" As when the ocean's mighty source,

" Moved by the tempest, boils,

" Rages with wild, impetuous force—

" Then rushing on its destined course,

" Back from the shore recoils :

" So, MALEK in his might assailed

" The sacred bands in vain ;

" Rank after rank, assaulting, failed ;

" Legion o'er prostrate legion scaled,

" And piled the field with slain.

- " Firm as the adamantine rock,
 " Unmoved, the Red Cross stood ;
" The Christian force repels each shock—
" The Pagan efforts still they mock,
 " And stem the mighty flood.
- " Where'er the conflict hottest grew,
 " Regardless of his life,
" From rank to rank the Sultan flew,
" Urging his soldiers to renew
 " The doubtful, bloody strife.
- " In vain he strains his fainting force—
 " The troops of ALLAH fly—
" The monarch mounts his fleetest horse—
" To Cesarea bends his course—
 " And Christians shout for victory.
- " And now, destruction far and wide
 " The Pagan route attends ;
" Fallen is Cesarea's pride—
" The flames within her walls abide—
 " And death on all descends.

- “ For havock marks the Sultan’s path,
“ And Devastation spreads
“ His wings with wild, infuriate wrath,
“ Wide o’er the town, champaign and heath,
“ One general ruin sheds.
- “ There, Carnage rolled his sanguine wheel,
“ Receiving rites profane,
“ Nor ceased to glut his thirsty steel,
“ ’Till Night, in mercy drew her veil
“ And closed the ghastly scene.
- “ The sun that rose that morn on high
“ With golden ray, shone bright
“ On many a gallant warrior’s eye,
“ That opening, beamed with pride and joy—
“ To close in endless night!
- “ That sun illumined ZELMA’s home,
“ Beheld the tranquil scene—
“ But rose no more to gild her dome—
“ The messenger of Death had come,
“ And Ruin there had been.

" Oh! fatal policy of War,

 " That spares nor friend nor foe,

" That ruthless drives his iron car,

" Sad Nature's prostrate works to mar,

 " And sport with human wo!

" Of all my father's noble race

 " Was OEDA only spared;

" Deserted lies her native place—

" A vestige scarce is left to trace

 " The bower that Love had reared.

" All—all are fled! ' The die is cast!

 " And OEDA weeps alone!

" Her hours of bliss have faded fast—

" Domestic joys have fleetly passed—

 " From her for ever flown!

" On Arzoph's fatal plain were shed

 " The vital streams of life,

" When ZELMA's lord and offspring bled—

 " Bled in the sacred strife.

" Not unrevenged, BALHAMA fell,

" Could life, for life repay,

" Or dry her tears who lives to tell

" The weight of sorrow that befel,

" That dark, disastrous day.

" Not unrevenged his offspring bled—

" His ZELMA found a tomb,

" Had Paynim blood in torrents shed,

" But quenched the flame that Ruin spread

" Throughout her peaceful home.

" Not unrevenged that home was laid

" In ruins by the foe,

" Had slaughtered Saracens repaid

" Such havoc as their fury made—

" Such universal wo !

" Nor unrevenged Judea wept

" Her sons who bleeding lay,

" The hour that Devastation swept,

" Wide wasting, while her children slept,

" Her brightest gems away.

" But vengeance never can restore

" BALHAMA to his child !

" In vain does OEDA fate implore—

" It beams, that ray of bliss, no more,

" That once so brightly smiled !

" In vain the orphan's sighs and tears

" In silent anguish flow ;

" To heaven in vain she hourly rears

" Her hands with supplicating prayers,

" To mitigate her wo.

" To OEDA every joy is lost—

" No earthly hope appears ;

" A bark, on stormy ocean tossed—

" A flow'ret nipt by winter's frost,

" And iced in tears !

" Alas ! my father ! nought can heal

" The grief my bosom feels !

" The sense of wo must still prevail,

" 'Till memory or life shall fail,

" Or Reason fainting, reels."

The maiden paused—a paler die
Now tinged her lovely face;
Then, changing fast, the lilies fly—
The rose's deepest tints supply
Their erst deserted place.

Thrice did her falt'ring tongue essay
Th' unfinished tale to speak;
Thrice on the gale it died away,
“That swept o'er CARMEL's peak.

Say, was it that in giving scope
To retrospect so drear,
She feared? Oh! when we cease to hope,
We soon forget to fear!

Or did ingratitude forbid
That falt'ring tongue to tell,
Whose falchion, at BALHAMA's side,
Gleamed fierce, who fought and nobly died,
When OEDA's father fell?

Ah no! For souls so pure—so bright,
Such passions never prove;
It had not hurt an angel's sight—
It had not dimmed one ray of light—
That feeling—it was love.

Yes! Had the sons of war delayed
Their ravage o'er the land,
One changing moon—then had the maid
To OSWALD given her hand!

But death has sealed the lover's vow,
And hope for ever flies;
The cypress wreathes the virgin's brow—
For lonely, cold and silent now
Her warrior chieftain lies!

Nought but the soldier's funeral mound,
Marks where the hero sleeps!
No scented flowers will there be found—
No laurel wreath by friendship bound—
No mourning parent weeps!

Nor frantic Love unheeded calls

Her OSWALD from the grave!

Unheard the storm o'er his damp bed rolls!

Unseen the weeping night-dew falls—

Falls on the mould'ring brave!

Where the green Willow darkly bends

Her saplings to the gale;

The drooping shade a shelter lends

The rock that OSWALD's form defends

On Arzoph's blighted vale.

“ Oh! daughter of misfortune, cease!”

The pitying hermit cried;

“ Behold the olive branch of peace—

“ Hail here thy sorrows' resting place—

“ Thy faith hath well been tried!

“ The fate which Heaven in wisdom sends,

“ Endure, nor longer chide;

“ That Heaven the patient still defends—

“ In faith let hope abide.

- " The ills that fall to human lot,
 " To human sense appear
" Unjust, because with self-love fraught,
" We ne'er assign to partial fault,
 " What all seem doomed to share.
- " The eye of faith alone deserves
 " The hand of mercy still,
" That chast'ning, fits us for the skies,
" And leads us to the glorious prize,
 " Through sorrow's ordeal.
- " My daughter! let the task be thine,
 " To banish every thought
" Which leads thy judgment to repine
" At fate, or veils the hand divine
 " That sways thy present lot.
- " Still! still the arduous task pursue!
 " And chase each waking dream
" Which may thy bitter griefs renew,
" Or check that homage which is due
 " To him who rules supreme.

" Oh OEDA ! e'er thy virtue falls,

" Or folly hath beguiled,

" The sisterhood of Carmel calls,

" To shelter in its sacred walls

" BALHAMA's orphan child !

" Beneath their tranquil shade, thou'lt find

" The balm of heavenly peace ;

" Thy heart, by pious faith refined,

" Raised to the Saviour of mankind,

" May sue for heavenly grace.

" Did fortune, family, or place,

" Retain one earthly tie,

" I ne'er would urge thee to embrace

" A life, sequestered from thy race,

" Or human destiny.

" The wretched only and forlorn,

" The child of want and care,

" Whose isolated heart is torn

" And pierced by many a rankling thorn,

" Should find a refuge there.

" Man in his bloom, was ne'er designed

" In solitude to dwell—

" The rich endowments of his mind

" To hide, remote from human kind,

" Within the cloistered cell.

" A social being he was made,

" Dependant still on man—

" By Nature's law impelled to aid

" This universal plan.

" But thine, Oh OEDA !—thine has been

" A thorny path of late ;

" And grief has withered, in their green,

" The blooming joys that once were seen

" Around thy infant state.

" Lost are thine early friends so loved,

" And lost the world to thee ;

" But cease to mourn those friends removed—

" That world, whose fleeting joys have proved

" A source of misery :

" Cease to lament thy plighted love—

" That here no joys were given ;

" A reign of happiness above,

" An endless paradise of love,

" Await thee both in heaven !

" Oh cease ! sweet maid, those tears that flow !

" The sigh that sorrow heaves !

" There is a balm for earthly wo,

" But faith alone can that bestow—

" Blessed is the brow it laves !"

The ocean's loud, impetuous roar,

That swept Mount Carmel's base,

Was hushed—the storm was heard no more—

The waves broke lightly on the shore,

And Nature slept in peace.

The morning rose with milder hue—

The sun, with brighter beam,

Enlivened the surrounding view

And glittered in the stream.

B b.

The breeze that fluttered round the cell,
On balmy pinion played,
The distant toll of convent bell
To OEDA's ear conveyed.

A ray of Hope's prophetic joy
Dawned on the pilgrim's soul;
Its beam illumed that modest eye—
It pierced the clouds of Sorrow's sky,
That o'er the hopeless roll.

"Haste thee, my father! Haste, (she cried,)
"Beneath yon hallowed dome,
"Where peace and innocence reside,
"There will BALHAMA's child abide—
"There find a friend—a home!

"And when those weary eyes shall close,
"When sighs my latest breath—
"When all my sorrows shall repose
"Beneath the hand of death—

"Then only shall my spirit know—

"Yes!—only then shall see

"The weight of gratitude I owe

"To pitying heaven—and thee!"

The evening breeze now murmured along—

That breeze was richly laden ;

It thrilled through the soul as the concord rung,

For it wafted the maiden's vesper song,

With incense pure to heaven.

END OF THE PILGRIM OF CARMEL

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE VALE OF CARAH.

MY Muse, awake! The Bard of Carah sings
In numbers meet, to sooth a lady's ear.
No fancied, vain, imaginary theme
His harp employs, that swells the passing gale.
From Nature's unsophisticated page,
He paints in poesy a living scene.
The portrait how deficient! O how much,
Much wanting of its fair original!
Then wake! Once more the Bard of Carah calls
On thee O Muse, thine aid soliciting!

Nor would he soar, the fav'rite chord to strike,
Unless by thee impelled—by thee inspired.
The theme how sweet! How exquisitely sweet
The task, to sound the harp in MOINA's praise—
In praise of virtue, friendship and of truth!

THE VALE OF CARAH.

ON Erin's shore there lies a vale,
Surrounded close by verdant hills,
Where Zephyr breathes his softest gale,
And Naiads pour their trembling rills ;

Where Nature spreads, with lavish hand,
Unnumbered sweets—exhausts her store
To beautify the happy land,
And mark it for her fav'rite shore ;

Where mountain high, with forest crowned,
In ocean's chrystal bosom shown,
Would seem a nether region found,
Or hill and forest double grown ;

Where many a wild, romantic glade,
And rude, uncultivated fen
Appear, and soft Arcadian mead,
With mossy bank and shady glen ;

There Summer spreads her roseate arms,
And blushing, mantles o'er the Spring,
'Till Autumn's full, enripened charms,
The deeper shades of Ceres bring.

And Nature's handmaid, Flora, still
Selects her tints with choicest care,
To grace the Naiads murm'ring rill,
Or deck its banks with flowrets rare :

Refreshing sweets her treasures breathe,
Each plant and shrub expanding wide,
Around the rocks luxuriant wreaths,
Or stooping, kiss the limpid tide.

The woodland chorister retreats
To some lone bower or distant grove,
And Echo's gentle voice repeats
His soft, harmonious notes of love.

Why breathe, ye flowers, your varied sweets?
Ye plants and shrubs, why clothe the rocks?
Ah! say for whom the Naiad weeps,
Or wrings the dew-drop from her locks!

Has Fate decreed a scene like this,
Unnoticed still by human eye,
The seat for every rural bliss,
A wilderness of sweets to lie?

For MOINA, Nature deigned to form
The sylvan scene, a safe retreat—
A shelter from the world's rude storm—
A harbour from the ills of fate.

c c

For MOINA, flows the silver stream,
And winds in murmurs through the shade—
For her—the pride of Carah's theme,
The flow'rets deck the sloping mead.

For MOINA, towers the lofty pine,
The vi'lets bloom and scented rose—
For her, the verdant eglantine,
The tendriled honeysuckle blows.

For Carah's dearest, blue-eyed fair,
The feathered songsters warble sweet,
With downy pinion fan the air,
And temper summer's fervent heat.

For her, Affection's cheering ray,
And Friendship's pure, unsullied light,
Illumine every passing day,
And gild the dark'ning shades of night.

O may her star propitious shine !
May calm Contentment bless her fate !
For Nature stamps each feeling line,
And smiles to see her work complete !

Still may the Muse, with zealous care,
Her happy arts infuse the while !
And young Apollo lend the fair
His harp, to bless her native Isle !

May Pity twine her hallowed band,
Encircling still her modest form !
And Piety, with sacred hand,
The virgin's soul vouchsafe to warm !

And O ! may every passing year
New fervour lend each virtuous flame,
Behold her eye, serene and clear,
Her cheek, unsullied by a tear,
Save that which Sympathy may claim !

TO A FRIEND.

December 25th, 1813.

O BELIEVE me, my friend, though there now hangs
around,

A cloud which perplexes the sight—

Yet that cloud shall dissolve, and the scene will be found

The lovelier far for the night!

Then still may'st thou brighten, with Fancy's wild
flowers,

The years o'er us destined to roll,

And the light of thy virtue shed lustre on ours,

As wisdom illumines the soul!

O still may thy bosom unerringly prove

The mansion of virtue alone,

And the tender endearments of friendship and love,

United, be ever thine own!

May Fortune, relenting, smile brightly in age,
That frowned on thine earlier days,
And the solace of innocent pleasures assuage
The sorrows which clouded her rays !

May the friends thou hast chosen, the friends so beloved,
Who are thine with such fervour and truth,
Afford consolation for one that's removed—
The partner and friend of thy youth !

May the tendrils bequeathed to thy training ** ****,
Prove worthy the stem whence they spring,
And the flow'rets now opening to life, make return,
By the fruits which their autumn shall bring !

May thy winter glide softly—thy days calmly end,
Unruffled by sorrow or care !
May the grey hair of wisdom be thine, O my friend !
And mine be the lot to revere !

May contentment and piety lighten the load
Of years which to thee may be given,
And the lamp of salvation illumine thy road !
May we meet, ne'er to sever, in heaven !

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

A DEPARTED FRIEND.

WEEP, when suff'ring Friendship calls!

Weep, for joys that time is stealing!

Oh! when youthful Beauty falls,

Tears have lost their power of healing!

Reflection to all other stings,

Yields a balm each care relieving:

Here alone fond mem'ry brings

Rapture vanished, past retrieving.

See yon fragrant, blooming rose,
 Warmest sweets the senses thrilling !
Change it now to desert snows—
 Will it damp the genial feeling ?

The wintry blasts (how soon !) arise,
 This short-lived flower, alas ! despoiling ;
Its beauty fades— it droops—it dies—
 The hand of care and culture foiling !

But e'er the with'ring tempest struck
 Its slender form, from life to sever,
One tendril from the parent stock,
Sad, weeping Love had snatched, to mock
 The storm—that snapped its stem for ever !

Friday, September 23d, 1814.

THE END.

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